New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LVII · No. 1457 SATURDAY · 14 FEBRUARY 1959 NINEPENCE

Life with the BBC
by Malcolm Muggeridge

★

Profile of
Sidney Bernstein

★

Detention in Kenya
by Barbara Castle

Comments on the Week's News .. 206
When Greek Meets Turk 208
Defence by Deceit 209
'Let Them Eat Caviare ...' K. S. Karol 209
London Diary. Critic 210
This England 211
My Life with the BBC. Malcolm Muggeridge 211
The Died Detainee. Barbara Castle MP 212
The Man Who Became Infamous (profile of Sidney Bernstein with drawing by Vicky) 215

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Autographs. John Berger 216
Count Three. Francis Newton 218
Gramophone Records. William Glock 218
You, Too, Can Enjoy This. Tom Driberg 218
Musical New-Old Style. William Whitebait 220

CORRESPONDENCE

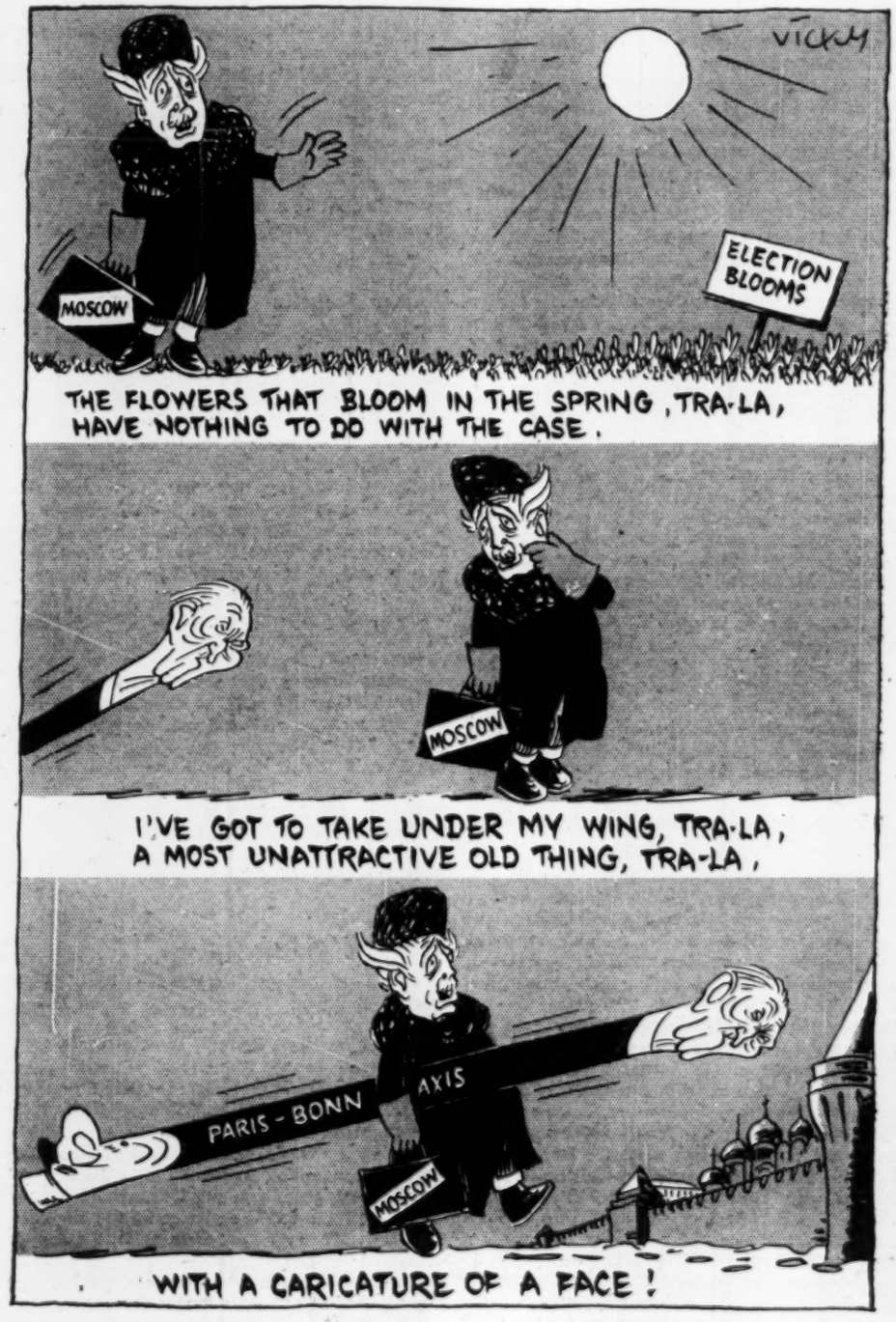
Michael Barratt Brown, April Carter and others, Douglas McClean, Dr Guy Routh and E. S. Sachs, Colin Hurry, Noel G. Ryan, J. O. Cherrington, T. Balogh, Derek Hart, George Rylands, Arthur Wareham, Fredric Warburg, Patience Empson .. 220

Books in General:
Cobbett or His Horse. V. S. Pritchett 225
Tinker. Sheila Wingfield 226

REVIEWS

Success Story. E. J. Hobsbawm .. 226
Poet of San Francisco. Marcus Cunliffe 227
An American in India. James Cameron 228
Beat from Poland. Walter Allen .. 228
Other New Novels. V. S. Naipaul .. 229
Puccini's Jocasta. Winton Dean .. 230
Philhellene. Peter Duval Smith .. 230
Sloane St Theosophy. Maurice Richardson 231
Architectural Wit. Reyner Banham .. 232
Prospective Candidus. Richard Mayne 232
Week-end Competitions 233
City Lights. Taurus 234

© *The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd* 1959


VICKY
MOSCOW
ELECTION BLOOMS
THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA-LA, HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE CASE.
MOSCOW
I'VE GOT TO TAKE UNDER MY WING, TRA-LA, A MOST UNATTRACTIVE OLD THING, TRA-LA,
PARIS - BONN AXIS
MOSCOW
WITH A CARICATURE OF A FACE!

Comments on the Week's News

The Dulles Mystery

Something of a mystery surrounds Mr Dulles's lightning trip to Europe, to which perhaps his sudden decision to undergo a serious operation provides a clue. Immediately prior to his trip, it was evident that his thinking on the Berlin problem, and even on the whole American posture in the Cold War, was undergoing a change. For various reasons—among which Senator Fulbright's new position was probably the most important—he appeared to be taking a more flexible line. He had gone on record as stating that free elections were not necessarily the only road to German reunification, that it might be possible to keep open the supply routes to Berlin by accepting the East German officials as Soviet 'agents', and that the moment might even be ripe for discussing a 'thinning out' of troops on either side of the Elbe. This was the spirit in which he appears to have left London. But by the time he had spent 24 hours in Dr Adenauer's company, he seems to have switched back to the most rigid Cold War line; no accommodation, he stated, was possible without equivalent concessions; and he left the impression that force would unhesitatingly be used if the Russians stuck to their letter of the 27 November 'ultimatum'. This led to a manifestly embarrassed statement by the Foreign Office, which, on being asked if the British government had agreed to the use of force in certain contingencies, dodged the question by insisting that everything would depend on the Soviet attitude. The fact is, as Sir Harold Caccia's semi-public *démarche* at the State Department last week revealed, no contingency talks have yet taken place at a military and technical level. The West is agreed to 'stand firm', but has yet to decide how, when, where and in what circumstances. Why these curious delays and vacillations on the part of Washington? Are they a consequence of Mr Dulles's deteriorating health? These questions are of some importance. There is a real danger that, in the absence of positive policy making, a panic decision could be taken dictated by the military. In these circumstances, Mr Macmillan's visit to Moscow may become crucial; for the only way in which the drastic May alternatives can be avoided is by securing a moratorium on the Berlin problem while preparing the ground for wider East-West talks.

Swing to the Left in Iraq

Officially inspired stories from Cairo suggest that General Kassem's Cabinet changes mark a further victory for the Iraqi Communists; and the move is linked with the announcement of an Iraqi-Soviet technical training agreement. This explanation is tendentious and is doubtless a reflection of the hardening Nasser line towards Moscow (one semi-official commentator in the Cairo press has already warned Russia against using economic aid as a means of influencing UAR policy). In fact, the resignation of the six Cabinet ministers—all of whom belong to the Pan-Arab wing of the Iraqi nationalists—was prompted by the death sentence imposed on Colonel Aref. Their position had been made difficult since Aref's arrest, and Kassem's decision to convict Aref of treason (there is little chance the sentence will be carried out) made a final break inevitable. The chief beneficiaries of the crisis are the National Democrats, moderate Socialists led by old pupils of Harold Laski, who constitute the sanest and most businesslike political group in Iraq. Although Kassem has replaced two of the departing ministers with officers, the National Democrats have secured three more portfolios and now constitute by far the strongest civilian element in the Cabinet. Their conflict with the Pan-Arabists, however, is by no means confined to relations with the UAR. The Pan-Arabists had strongly opposed in Cabinet the proposals of Dr Kubba, the Economics Minister and the ablest of the National Democrats, to carry through a far-reaching programme of economic and financial reforms, which would lead not merely to the break-up of the big estates but to a partial socialisation of the land. In Egypt, Nasser-style land 'reforms' have led simply to the growth of a rural bourgeoisie and in Syria to the dominance of a class of entrepreneurial land-investors. The National Democrats' desire to avoid these errors and to introduce a genuine element of social democracy produced, for the first time, a real conflict of economic interests between the rival nationalist groups. No doubt Nasser grasps the seriousness of this challenge to his popularity among the Arab masses; hence his anxiety to smear the new Iraqi ministers as 'Communists'.

Greater Somalia

The acceleration of Somaliland's self-governing process paradoxically exposes yet another example of Colonial Office procrastination. It was obvious after the war, when Italian Somalia became a United Nations trust territory and was promised independence in 1960, that British Somaliland would not be content to remain a dependency long after that date. Yet, while the Italians have been giving the Somalis practice in self-government, the British governments have slumbered. Now, when all Somali eyes are turned to next year, Mr Lennox-Boyd has had to speed things up or face revolt. Yet he has left the British Somalis with a year only to find the essential training for handling their own affairs. If, as seems certain, British Somaliland decides to join an independent Somalia, unsettling consequences may follow. The Somalis make no secret of their ambition to establish a greater Somali state, embracing not only Italian Somalia and British Somaliland, but French Jibuti, the Ogaden of Ethiopia and northern Kenya. The relations of such a Somali state with the Muslims in French, British and Ethiopian territories around them, together with their reactions towards Cairo, conjure up unpredictable and perhaps alarming prospects.

Apartheid Closes its Gaps

Two important gaps have so far existed in the cage of apartheid. Both are to be closed during the present session of the South African parliament. For five years now the government has been manoeuvring to strip Cape Town and Witwatersrand Universities of their right to allow Europeans and Non-Europeans to be fellow-students. It is now prepared to introduce complete apartheid in the university world. Meanwhile, the Nationalists have been mounting an attack on the three members of the lower House and four members of the Senate—all Europeans—who constitute the African parliamentary representation. This system is a relic of the bargaining which went on in 1909, when the Union was first formed. Cape Province was allowed to retain its qualified common electoral roll, on which Europeans voted with Non-Europeans though all candidates had to be white. In 1936 Smuts and Hertzog allied themselves to destroy the common roll, granting as a guaranteed substitute direct African representation in the House of Assembly and promising to increase African tribal land. The promise of land has never been seriously kept, and now African representation itself is to be abolished. In its place is to be established a complicated system of tribal authorities, clearly reflecting the Nationalists' desire to push Africans back into their tribal structure. How the voices of Africans left in the urban areas—more than those in the reserves—are to be heard is left obscure. Once this measure is passed, there will remain only the four representatives of Cape Coloureds in a parliament which otherwise represents solely the white community.

First Stirrings in Kuwait

The prospects of a *coup d'état* in Kuwait, which could, at one stroke, deprive Britain of three-fifths of her crude oil imports and the Sterling Area of its largest single investor, were significantly increased by the events of 1 February. Since the Iraqi *coup*, the Ruler of Kuwait, aware of the growing precariousness of his position, had come to a *modus vivendi* with President Nasser, and had even lent him money. This period of truce now seems over. Ten days ago, a mass rally of nationalists, led by Yassim al-Kattani, the young Police Commissioner who resigned during the Suez demonstrations, was broken up by the police. The organisers of the rally have been placed under arrest and the political clubs dissolved. What is more serious, any pretence that the sheikhdom is an 'enlightened despotism' has now been abandoned. Though the young Sheikh Jabr el Ahmed, favoured by the British as the successor to the present Ruler, has been placed in charge of the Treasury, there is no evidence that he will be given power to control expenditure by departments and so eliminate the financial scandals which are the chief source of popular discontent. Moreover, by changing posts, he has abandoned control of the Security Forces at the Ahmedi oil-fields. This means, in effect, that all physical power in the state is now in the hands of the ruffianly Sheikh Mubbarak, who, in addition to commanding the army, has now been given control of the police not only in Ahmedi but in Kuwait Town itself. Since his experiments, two years ago, in using artillery to disperse a group of the Ruler's poor relations, he has been itching to employ his forces, not only to secure the succession for himself, but also to put the nationalists firmly in their place. What happens now will therefore depend on the reliability of the young officers under his command. In the meantime, the British Agent and the British-run oil company look on in trembling impotence.

Hospital Studies

The Acton Society Trust's pamphlet, the sixth and final section of a detailed study of hospitals and the state, dealt with the central direction of the service and in particular with the role of the Ministry of Health. The Ministry is commended for maintaining some financial control without frustrating parliament's intention that there should be the greatest possible decentralisation of the hospital service. Criticism is directed at the

Ministry's failure to provide inspiring leadership and guidance at the top. Among the explanations offered for this failure are loss of status following the Minister's exclusion from the Cabinet, the frequent changes of Minister (seven in ten years) and the lack of an adequate statistical and intelligence service. Remedies are suggested in an appendix by Sir George Schuster, writing as chairman of a regional hospital board. He advocates a closer liaison between Ministry and regional boards through the exchange of senior medical and administrative staff. It is doubtful whether his further proposal for a new structure within the Ministry, analogous to that of the defence departments (e.g. Army Council, CIGS and Chiefs of Staff Committee) will receive much support in the hospital service. Not everyone would accept the War Office as a criterion of administrative efficiency. Sir George is on firmer ground in urging the adoption of work study techniques, though they must never, he stresses, be allowed to override the human values which are the essence of the hospital service.

Humanity is in every line of the Central Health Services Council Report on The Welfare of Children in Hospital, also published this week. It owes much to the work of Dr John Bowlby and the Tavistock Clinic on the psychological effects on young children of separation from the mother. For them hospital should be a last resort and, whenever possible, the mother should be admitted too. This wise report offers guidance in a field where kindness has not always been accompanied by the necessary measure of intelligence, and should be carefully studied in every hospital with a children's department.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Herter and Fulbright

The ageing of Senator Green and the seniority of Senator Fulbright have combined, by chance, to offer at least a hope of getting American diplomacy out of the doldrums. At a news conference called even before he had technically succeeded the venerable Rhode Islander as chairman of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee, Fulbright sounded a bold note. The Administration, he said, should be willing to discuss troop withdrawals from Central Europe with the Russians and to 'explore the possibilities of arriving at some understanding' with Communist China. He was not 'carrying on a feud with Mr Dulles', he said, but there was nothing in the record to indicate admiration and everything to promise the Secretary a rough time with the Committee – assuming that his current hospitalisation does not force him into retirement – unless he showed a willingness to take the initiative in thawing the cold war.

Until Green resigned the chairmanship last week, Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson was in fact the Democrats' foreign policy spokesman in the Senate. At 91, and with failing eyesight, Green had tended more and more to fall back on the banality that politics stops at the water's edge, though in fact it rarely has except in moments of great emergency. It was a position that jibed with Johnson's love for surface tranquillity and the smooth operation, but it was gradually depriving the country of an opposition voice in the whole field of foreign policy. Fulbright chafed under the restraint, and so did committee colleagues like Senator Humphrey, Mansfield, Morse, Kennedy, and Gore. At one point he was reported ready to head a revolt against a false bi-partisanship under the President whom he compared to Buchanan – 'a tired and amiable man with tired policies'.

If Fulbright is not bi-partisan in this sense, neither is he a rabid partisan in any sense. That anomaly, an Arkansas egg-head – he was a Rhodes scholar and president of the University of Arkansas – he is primarily concerned with policies, though willing enough to pay a political price for them. To hold his franchise in the Senate, for example, he signed the southern manifesto attacking the Supreme Court's segregation opinion, and concerning the behaviour of Governor Faubus in his own state, he was loudly silent. On the other hand, his liberal friends like to recall, he was an early and acid enemy of Senator McCarthy, who in recognition conferred on him the title of 'Senator Halfbright'. He may keep his Arkansas political fences in a good state of repair, but he is more likely to be remembered for having fathered the student exchange programme known throughout the world as Fulbright scholarships and for the Senate resolution that led to American sponsorship of the UN.

Fulbright's elevation came at a moment when Washington was full of speculation about a 'major re-examination' of western diplomatic policy, a feeling of tentativeness since sharpened by the leave of absence that the incredibly durable Secretary has been forced to take. It was thought in some quarters at the time that Dulles was not sorry to be nudged a bit. 'It will help him not hurt him,' wrote Walter Lippmann, 'if it is known in Europe that there is building up in the new congress an insistence that we move off dead centre.' In this connection it is worth noting that Dulles invited his senatorial critic to his home before he left for his recent talks with western European leaders and that Fulbright came away with the impression that the Secretary 'wants to work with the Committee'.

Significantly it is jurisdiction over the German question to which Mr Dulles wishes to cling, even in his illness. In his letter to the President he specifically suggested that during his recuperation he might 'concentrate on the complications and grave problems raised by the Soviet threats regarding Berlin and the allied response thereto.' Where this leaves Under-Secretary Christian Herter, who will be acting for him, must depend on how well Dulles is able to function after his operations. There is not much question that Herter's position and general diplomatic attitude are more to the liking of Fulbright and his majority colleagues. But whether it is Dulles or Herter who now makes policy, the emergence of Fulbright promises at least the occasional injection of a fresh idea.

ROBERT BENDINER

Madrid

The Banquet and After

A Correspondent in Madrid writes: Recent events indicate that opposition to the Franco regime is crystallising round the person of the exiled Pretender, Don Juan. With the Falange party now entirely discredited and rendered insignificant as a political factor, the only alternative to a Communist *coup* or an *Opus Dei* reactionary theocracy is a monarchical succession. As a result, all sections of the liberal opposition are rallying to the monarchist cause, and there is even some indication that the Communists are co-operating with the regime to eliminate this opposition. At all events, criticism has become increasingly vocal and violent of late, and counter-measures, strangely inconsistent. In the Royalist camp, the occasion for this criticism, true to style has been a series of banquets, the latest and by far the most important, at a Madrid hotel at the end of January.

Nearly a hundred guests including three generals and several prominent personalities sat down to a dinner offered by Sr Miralles, formerly leader of the *Renovación Española*, in the Memphis Hotel, Madrid. He recalled the spirit of the Estoril reception, and spoke of ways and means to secure the return of a monarchy, assuring the guests that social welfare would be the principal concern of such a monarchy. He was followed by the millionaire banker, Joaquin Satrústegui, who proceeded to stun the audience with his outspokenness. He called the regime an autocracy, quoting the dictionary definition as 'that form of government, wherein legality is confused with personal will'. He went on to give examples of General Franco's illegal actions, such as the concession of bases in Spain to the American forces, and the handing over of Spanish territories in Africa to the Moroccan government. In neither case had Franco consulted public opinion, or even the nominal representatives of the Spanish people. Similarly he criticised the suppression of news concerning matters of national interest, such as the Ifny war, and the illegal exportation of currency.

Satrústegui went on to point out that General Franco had appointed himself Chief of State with his first decree, and that the sole ratification of this decree consisted in the farcical referendum of 1949, which was largely coercive and blatantly corrupt. He described the Civil War as a 'fratricidal polemic' rather than a 'crusade of righteousness', as it is officially known. He called it a hopelessly inadequate foundation for the re-establishment of law and order. The last speech was delivered by Dr Enrique Tierno Galván, sociologist and professor of law, who defined the modern concept of legality, as pragmatic, verifiable, and related to common sense and social well-being, not to be equated with tradition or power.

All these speeches were met with considerable enthusiasm, although many were apprehensive about the consequences of such outspokenness. However, no action has been taken to date, even against the principal offenders, and this in interpreted as a symptom of the government's increased debility. On 2 February, to the surprise of everyone, Dionisio Ridruejo was quietly acquitted in the Madrid Audiencia, of a charge of illegal propaganda and activities against the security of the state. Ridruejo was formerly a high-ranking Falangist, a poet and friend of Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera. His defection was a serious blow to the regime, and he has been vociferous in his attacks upon the government and party. However, the lightness of his treatment should be seen in the context of the savage sentences passed upon eight Communists in Barcelona at the beginning of this year, and not as a typical case. Franco himself is a sick man, and his ministers divided and discontented. Two of them, Sr Ullastres and General Alonso Vega, Ministers of Commerce and Police respectively, are rumoured to have offered their resignation, or are on the point of doing so. Sr Ullastres has been seeking desperately for a loan to bolster up the sagging economy. Representatives of the

European Monetary Fund and of the Common Market organisation are due to arrive in Madrid shortly, and this may account for the relatively mild attitude of the Spanish government towards the mounting opposition.

Fleet Street

MacMoscow

Whether Mr Macmillan has had his eye on an early election or not in fixing his Moscow trip, there is no doubt that the majority of the press – and especially the popular press – is solidly with him in thinking the journey useful. For breakfast reading in Downing Street the *Herald* or the *Mirror* have been more of a morning tonic than the *Daily Telegraph*.

'Good News. Good News,' proclaimed the *Daily Express*. 'Mr Macmillan's determination to go to Moscow at an early date is a sound decision of policy. Interested objections by Dr Adenauer, doubts and a lack of enthusiasm on the part of our allies are firmly and rightly put aside.' For once the *Daily Herald* found no reason to disagree. 'World-wide assumptions that he is trying an electioneering stunt,' it declared, 'annoy Mr Macmillan as he prepares to go to Moscow. The assumption is made in French newspapers. It is made in American newspapers. It is made in this country by some government supporters. The *Daily Herald*, which is concerned for world peace, is glad he is going.' The *News Chronicle* was a shade more restrained – but only a shade. 'And now,' it remarked, 'it's Mr MacMoscow, we presume. But there should be no cavilling at a western Prime Minister who sets off for the Kremlin to try to get to grips with what Mr Krushchev thinks as distinct from what he says.' The *Mail* felt the same, although its political commentator Henry Fairlie ('I say Macmillan should not go') did not. But the *Telegraph*! Cold was the wind that blew from Peterborough Court. The most it could find to say in its leader headline was 'A Visit That Is Just Worthwhile'. 'The question that immediately arises,' it observed coldly, 'is whether the Prime Minister is wise to react to Mr Krushchev's threats in this dramatic and, so far as Russia is concerned, unprecedented manner.' As for the Prime Minister's hope that his visit would give the Soviet leaders 'a better knowledge of our point of view', on this the *Telegraph* observed no less coldly: 'It is difficult to see how . . . this aspiration can be realised since one of the difficulties at present is that the "western point of view" on Germany and Berlin has not yet been formulated'. However, in the end it let Mr Macmillan off with a caution: 'It may be said that the chances of doing some good are greater than the chances of doing harm'. A quick turn to the *Daily Sketch* seems to give what the doctor ordered (one presumes Dr Hill does read the papers) at this stage: 'What a jaunty zip there is in the international air this morning. Do-it-yourself Super-Macski is all set to fly for Moscow.'

The Times, though naturally not given to such capers as these, also seems to have found its heart beating a little faster. 'Something in the nature of a reconnaisance!' it remarked huskily; 'The phrase has everything in it. It has the personal, characteristic touch of romance, the sense of nothing venture nothing to win.' It had also, it added, the realisation that it was not possible 'to achieve anything decisive or conclusive in the one action'. But *The Times* did not doubt that the visit 'could be useful'. Nor did the *Manchester Guardian*. However, hearts are stirred less easily in Manchester, and it could not help remarking that there seemed no good reason why Mr Macmillan should dash off to Moscow in bleak February 'when with a little patience he might have arrived with the daffodils' or suspecting that he might be 'interested in fostering goodwill not only among nations but towards himself and his party'. Nevertheless, it concluded that the trip had possible advantages and could prove both useful and well timed – 'in the eyes of others besides the Conservative Central Office'.

The weight of the Sunday press was no less in Mr Macmillan's favour. The *Observer* considered the visit 'is an excellent opportunity for informal discussion and should be of great value to all the western powers', the *Sunday Times* that although it could not settle the issue whether the Soviets are implacable world revolutionaries or 'genuinely believe in an indefinitely enduring co-existence', it would enable much more 'to be found out about Soviet Russia's real mind than can be done by exchanging argumentative notes'. Among the rest only *Reynold's News* sounded a harsh note. It headed its leader 'Mac's Try Takes Us For A Ride', dismissed it as a 'Mikmillan for a Mikoyan', and concluded 'it is much more a piece of pre-election public relations than an act of serious diplomacy'. However, Mr Macmillan can comfort himself that the millions were with him. Both the *News of the World* and the *People* thought him just grand – 'His ten days in Russia could shake the world' proclaimed the first. And, 'Halielujah we shall actually be talking in private instead of continuing the insane barrage of charges and counter-charges', shouted the second; 'So keep your courage up and set your target high'.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

When Greek Meets Turk

AGREEMENT between Greece and Turkey to join in establishing the independent republic of Cyprus is still 'in principle' only. It must be approved by Britain, and awkward details are still to be worked out. Nevertheless this week's news must surely mark the end of a story of bloodshed and bitterness for which the folly of the British Tory government must bear most of the blame.

The romantic notion of Enosis has for long been a dream among Greek Cypriots; but it became an immediate political objective, backed by terror, only when in 1954 a British spokesman seemed to rule out *for ever* the goal of self-determination. The reason for this almost incredible act of folly was neither solicitude for the Turkish minority (which at that time was in no conceivable danger) nor fear of the mainland Turks, who then represented no conceivable threat. It was the desire to perpetuate the British military base, and the belief, strongly canvassed by the service departments, that this could be done only if Colonial Office rule were maintained. The explosion of indignation by Greek Cypriots which followed was at first not unwelcome in London. What better way, after all, to ensure the continuance of British rule than to promote strife between Greeks and Turks so that Britain's duty would be to stay and keep the peace? This indeed gave impetus to the whole idea of partition, which had never been seriously considered as a solution until it was raised as a public issue, not by the Turks, but by Mr Lennox-Boyd.

Why was so much store set by a permanent British base? Many people and newspapers, including this journal, pointed out from the start that there should be little difficulty in negotiating with both Greeks and Turks a Nato base in an independent Cyprus, which would meet all legitimate needs. But Sir Anthony Eden's needs were not legitimate. A Nato base was unacceptable because its use for British operations in the Middle East could have been vetoed by the other members of the Atlantic alliance. A purely British base – after the Anglo-Egyptian treaty of 1954, Cyprus was the only one available – was thought necessary to ensure the success of British operations with which the rest of the alliance might not have felt uniformly sympathetic.

Once the ignominy of Suez had demonstrated even to the War Office that opposed military operations could in any case be mounted only with the agreement of the US, the opportunity again presented itself to work for a solution based on the concept of an independent Cyprus with a Nato base. But by now the difficulties had become far greater, because partition, with assiduous encouragement from the British government had become as emotive a word to the Turks as Enosis was to the Greeks; because communal trouble between Greek and Turk had flared to explosion point; and because of the deep distrust which the whole Greek community had begun to feel towards Britain. The difficulties, however, were never put to the test: at this stage the British government was not even looking for a solution. Humiliated by Suez and the triumph of Nasser, Cyprus became for Tory MPs the bulldog symbol in the Middle East: the cycle of killing and retribution and communal hatred was allowed to continue lest Mr Macmillan should lose his hold over his more frenetic back-benchers. Indeed the Premier's characteristically overpublicised visit to Cyprus last year, and the Macmillan plan which, if implemented, would sow the seeds of partition in the Cyprus constitution, showed more clearly than anything that, at that stage, Britain was not seriously working towards independence.

The last phase opened last September, when Archbishop Makarios – always the voice of comparative moderation among the Greek Cypriot hotheads, but banished from the island as part of the government's campaign to smear him with responsibility for the terror – broke the deadlock by telling Mrs Barbara Castle in Athens that Greek Cypriots would settle for independence without Enosis. (He was known to be willing to make this announcement earlier if he had received the slightest encouragement from Britain.) At that moment the solution was clear: if Enosis was ruled out, then so must be the ludicrous and impracticable notion of partition. If independent British military adventures in the Middle East were ruled out, then there was no sense in British opposition to a Nato base.

This week's solution, in other words, was possible four months ago, if a British initiative had followed the Archbishop's declaration. The government, however, was more concerned with saving its face than saving Cyprus. It is only since last month's meeting of the Nato Council, when Mr Dulles read the riot act to all concerned – and since world opinion began to turn against Britain after the Famagusta *ratissage* – that British diplomacy began to work seriously towards a negotiated settlement. Now, short of some almost inconceivable folly, it has been achieved. But in the wasted months, even since last September, Britons, Greeks and Turks, both men and women, have been beaten and killed for no purpose whatever. Mr Macmillan should have a heavy conscience.

Defence by Deceit

THE British public will be relieved by one aspect of the new Defence White Paper: it contains none of the provocative, if empty, boasting about the use of British nuclear weapons which characterised its predecessor. In fact, the original draft included a good deal of Mr Sandys's bellicose philosophising; but, following disagreements about its phrasing among both the service chiefs and the Cabinet, this was totally removed. Indeed since the government does not yet know the extent and value of the technical information it will receive from the US under last year's Washington agreement, it is unable to reformulate its defence policy; hence the White Paper is simply an accountant's report. As such, it consists of two things: tacit admissions that the policies formulated in 1957 are impracticable; and further deceptions.

The principle behind the Sandys 'revolution' was that Britain could not afford to spend £1,500 million on defence, and that substantial savings were not only possible but imperative. This is now finally abandoned: not only will defence cost £48 million more – not £20 million as the government seeks to prove in Paragraph 48 – but there is not a word about possible future savings. The Navy, originally a prime target for the Sandys axe, is to get £31 million more, though the number of ships will continue to shrink. Much of this is to go on four guided-missile ships; but, as *The Times* has pointed out, two of these were promised as long ago as 1955. Where are they now? As the White Paper admits, not even their keels have been laid down. Nor is there any mention of the naval 'ultimate weapon', the Polaris-carrying nuclear submarine – beyond the admission, again tacit, that construction of the *Dreadnaught* has not yet begun.

The sections dealing with the Army are a tissue of even grosser deceptions. Where is the 'smaller, more highly-trained, all-regular force', operating 'with maximum efficiency', which is to be the kernel of Sandys's new-look defence? It is now admitted that not until 1960 will even half the army be equipped with automatic rifles – a weapon which was standard in the US Army before D-day. Less than half the operational units have been issued with modern signalling equipment. Only two artillery regiments are equipped with guided missiles, and there seem to be no plans for more. Most serious of all, there is no mention of a new tank which can compete on anything like equality with its Soviet counterpart. The explanation for these deficiencies lies, of course, in the estimates, which admit that the Army's share of defence spending will shrink by one per cent. Mr Sandys's statement that present plans provide for the 'extensive re-equipment of the Army' is therefore suspect.

There are further contradictions in the sections on manpower. Mr Sandys has repeatedly stated that his figure of 165,000 regulars is based on military calculations, while his critics have maintained it is based on actuarial estimates of the numbers of volunteers he is likely to get. He now admits that his critics are right. Since recruiting is going well, the actuarial calculations have been modified; hence, says the White Paper, 'it has been decided to accept recruits . . . up to an overall ceiling of about 180,000.' But if 165,000 is an adequate force to meet our commitments, why increase it to 180,000 when the prime object of the policy is to make savings on manpower? The answer, of course, is that the lower figure bears no relation to our needs whatsoever; nor, for that matter, does the higher one: they are simply the fluctuating consequences of a political decision to abolish national service.

There is the same pattern of half-truths and downright lies in the sections dealing with the deterrent. The unqualified statement in the 1957 White Paper that no successor to the V-bomber force would be ordered now goes by the board; but the new aircraft, the TSR 2, is cunningly hidden in the section dealing with Air Support, implying that its role will be confined to co-operation with ground forces. In fact, its prime purpose will be strategic – the delivery of nuclear weapons on Soviet territory. Yet its capacity to deliver the deterrent will be no greater than the V-bombers. Their performance is, in Para. 14, misleadingly described as 'unsurpassed by any bomber aircraft in service in any other country'; but no mention is made of range. In fact, since Britain has no complementary air-tanker fleet, V-bomber range is under half that of US and Soviet equivalents; we are thus incapable of delivering bombs beyond European Russia. Nor can this be increased by the stand-off bomb since, as Para. 16 admits, this is still only in the development stage.

We turn then to the alternative means of delivery: the missile. It is now frankly admitted that the Thor squadrons are of use only for 'training purposes' (i.e., they do not work). The government, it seems, 'confidently expects that this weapon will soon attain the exacting standards of range and accuracy specified for its operational performance'. Stripped of Mr Sandys's double talk, this means that we have no guarantee that the Thor will ever become an operational weapon. Hence, lacking a US alternative IRBM, Sandys has decided to carry on with the British Blue Streak as a form of low-level insurance. 'The development of this weapon', states the White Paper, 'is therefore proceeding'. This implies that it is to receive only low priority: the government will spend some £25-30 million on it in the current year, hoping that the far greater sums involved in its development and production for operational purposes will be saved by the appearance of a workable US weapon. But, in fact, the Blue Streak is a liquid-fuel missile, of the same technological age-group as the Thor; if any money is to be devoted to 'insurance' development, it should be spent on a solid-fuel rocket relatively immune to attack.

To sum up: the White Paper reveals that the Sandys policy has collapsed on all counts. We have no mobile strategic reserve, and even if one could be collected there are no plans to provide it with either the minimum air transport or the level of modern equipment required to make it operationally effective. The only type of operation we can hope to mount (and that requiring several weeks' assembly) is a Jordan-style landing, based on the assumption (which fortunately proved valid) that it will be unopposed. We cannot therefore fight a conventional war. Equally, we cannot fight a nuclear war; for even if Sandys's statement that there will be a 'significant increase' in the production of warheads is true, we still lack the means to deliver them in any quantity. Moreover, we shall continue to lack this means for the foreseeable future; the TSR 2 will be highly vulnerable to Soviet Mach 3 fighters which are already operational. From the evasions and ambiguities with which this sorry tale of failure is shrouded only one reliable fact emerges: the taxpayer will pay more.

'Let Them Eat Caviare...'

Now that the period of emergency rule by decree is drawing to its close, Frenchmen are beginning to measure the impact of the 300 laws which the de Gaulle and Debré governments have issued during the past two months, and in particular of the sweeping economic and fiscal changes they embody. There can be little doubt about the effect of the budget itself. As M. Mendès-France has said, a budget which provides for large increases in indirect taxation, which abolishes transport and food subsidies, and at the same time lowers company taxation, can only be described as 'an austerity budget for the poor'. The figures speak for themselves. The burden carried by the workers has been raised by 239,000 million francs, mainly by increases in the cost of transport, postal charges, coal, gas and electricity. Company taxation has been raised by 88,000 million, but this is almost cancelled out by reductions of 86,000 million caused by the suppression of the *taxe civique* and the super-profits tax. Certain luxury products, such as caviare and high-quality furs, will be cheaper, while cuts in subsidies will make basic foodstuffs, such as bread, milk and meat, dearer. As *L'Humanité* put it: 'A budget which favours the caviare-eaters at the expense of the bread-eaters'.

Even the keystone of the French welfare state – the *Sécurité Sociale* – has been weakened. State repayment of medical charges has been reduced from 80 to 60 per cent., and a tax of 3,000 francs is now deducted from all sick benefits. Taken together, these changes amount to a ten per cent. cut in working-class incomes. General de Gaulle, to do him credit, has been quite honest about it. In characteristically military language, he commented on his fiscal policy as follows: 'I know perfectly well that this policy of economic reform will hit hard at even the poorest classes, but it is always the infantry which carries the burden and wins battles'.

This drastic cut in real wages, which will make possible a deflationary policy of reducing consumption, is based on the assumption that the industrial wing of the French Left will remain as divided and demoralised as it is at present. This may well prove correct; certainly there is no sign that the apathy of the French unions is coming to an end. But 'austerity for the poor' is only one of three aspects of de Gaulle's economic policy. Even if industrial peace is maintained, the policy can succeed only if two other hazardous calculations prove well-founded. First, the government hopes that France's entry into the Common Market will help to keep prices down. Liberalisation of import quotas and reductions of

NEXT WEEK

The Comprehensive School

Next week's issue will contain two carefully considered articles on this controversial subject. Writing against the comprehensive school will be* HARRY RÉE, *Headmaster of Watford Grammar School. Writing for will be* MRS H. N. CHETWYND, *Headmistress of Woodberry Down Comprehensive School in north London.

tariffs are expected to drive marginal producers out of business, or force them to specialise or become more efficient.

At the same time, in order to increase private investment, and so put a break on France's three-month-old recession, industry has been accorded wide budgetary concessions. These are expected to draw capital not only from abroad but also out of the famous hidden stores of gold which Frenchmen are supposed to keep in their stockings. According to the experts, some 3,000,000 million francs of savings still remain uninvested in private nest-eggs, much of it in gold. By restoring confidence in the franc, the government hopes to get at this loot and so repeat the 'Poincaré Miracle' of 1927.

M. André Philip has subjected these assumptions to some pointed criticism in *Le Monde*. 'Even supposing,' he writes, 'that private capital can be drawn out of its hiding places, there is no guarantee that such investments will be wisely distributed, respecting the priorities which correspond to the economic needs of the country. . . . Similarly, more competition will not be enough to realise the transformation of our distributive system, which is the *sine qua non* of modernisation. . . . The control of the country's economic life cannot be assured by movements of private capital linked to the state of our balance of payments. . . . Over-preoccupation with the financial aspects of the problem will be an obstacle to the regular and generalised growth of the economy.' In addition to such criticisms – which apply with equal force to Conservative economic policy in Britain – France has also the special problem of the Algerian war, which continues to limit expansion by absorbing a high proportion of France's industrial capacity and manpower, and, despite US and West German financial aid, presents an insuperable barrier equally to a balanced budget and to an overseas trading surplus.

What, it is being asked in Paris, will be the reaction of the 'infantry' when they realise that the period of deflation is likely to be a long one, and when unemployment really hits them? Paradoxically, the Gaullists are studying this question as hard as anyone, and have reached the following answer, said to be based on an analysis by M. Soustelle himself. 'The Communist Party, despite its numerical force, has recently shown that it no longer constitutes an effective barrier to Fascism. The Socialists have been discredited by Guy Mollet's constantly shifting position, and nobody can take its opposition seriously. M. Mendès-France and his UFD are respected among the intelligentsia for their integrity, but they have no contact with the workers and the unions. The latter are as divided as the political parties, and quite incapable of organising effective strike action. If, therefore, there is widespread unemployment and dissatisfaction, the workers will turn towards the extreme Right and make possible the creation of a Fascist movement with a mass base. If this happens, de Gaulle will simply retire to Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises in disgust, and the only people who will be in a position to save the Republic will be us – the UNR. Hence, it is vital not to attack or discredit us, not to attempt to sabotage our economic policy.'

This is a refinement of the political blackmail used last May. Then it was 'De Gaulle or the Parachutists'. Now it is 'Soustelle or the Real Fascists'. Recent disclosures have made it plain that the first threat was not an idle one. Should this new one be taken seriously also? Is the curtain about to go up on the second act of the May Revolution?

Paris K. S. KAROL

London Diary

THE Gallup Poll shift towards Labour is maintained; I should attribute this mainly to the rise in the unemployment figures. Other struggles in the Thirties may be forgotten, but the misery of unemployment is a permanent memory in the mind of every working-class family. Almost equally important, it rouses the conscience of the middle class, which can only remain in its comfortable apathy if it can believe that the Welfare State has solved what Victorian England used to call 'the condition of England question'. In particular, I think, there is a striking change in the attitude of young people. The change is very recent. It has become a sort of political axiom that young people in the Fifties, in contrast to the Thirties and Forties, have become 'non-political'. But last week in Cambridge University, where the Conservative Party is much bigger than its rivals, the Union Society gave a large majority to Fenner Brockway on Cyprus and booed Julian Amery when he made a personal attack on him. This may be only a straw in the wind, but there is supporting evidence from other universities where student bodies are now demanding Labour speakers and beginning to organise support for Labour candidates.

* * *

The view that the Labour Party is becoming middle-aged and 'ossified' – rather after the fashion of the French Socialists and the Weimar Social Democrats – has been only too easily arguable recently. And it has now been supported in a series of articles in the *Manchester Guardian*. I believe that this view is precisely out of date. It has been true that the repercussions of Suez and other Tory crimes have made many people describe themselves as Liberals. Those who have benefited by Labour's policy in raising the school leaving age and making large grants for further education have been slow to give credit to Labour when they have finished the university or technical college courses which, without Labour, they would never have enjoyed. The Labour Leagues of Youth, so active in local parties before the war, have not been revived, and Youth Sections, created in their place, have made little headway. Young people who used to go to Labour gatherings which were zealously political have tended to prefer the softening appeal of Conservative socials. But a Labour MP in the north of England, who has been following recent developments in his own and other constituencies, tells me that youth organisations are again sprouting with large and keen support; political 'brains trusts' are again beginning, TV or not, to attract large gatherings of young members. It's about time for a Socialist awakening, and I think it is beginning. When young men and women, disgruntled with Labour leadership, actually face the alternatives they are horrified at the thought of another five years of exultant Toryism.

* * *

Indira Gandhi (her husband is not related to the Mahatma) becomes President of Congress in her own right; she has earned the position as an experienced politician. It is something of a handicap, and not an advantage, to her that she is Nehru's daughter. Her political education began young. She was born in 1917, and it was when she was ten years old that her father began that long series of historical and political letters which he wrote to her from prison. They were subsequently published in two books; *Letters from a Father to His Daughter* and *Glimpses of World History*. They are unique letters about philosophy and history, Marx, imperialism, and India with personal affection often breaking in. Indira was herself in prison with her husband for nearly a year in 1937. Afterwards she mainly worked on women's organisations, especially those dealing with child welfare. But recently she has taken an active political part, speaking for Congress candidates. In 1955 she told me that she intended throwing herself fully into Indian politics and she became a member of the Congress Working Committee. She is the fourth woman to be President of Congress, the other three being Mrs Annie Besant, Mrs Naidu and Mrs Sen Gupta. Indira now takes over the organisation at a moment when her father and the Congress Party are both under heavy fire, and I notice that she has begun by laying emphasis on the basic weakness of the party. The peasant and the land matter most. If Congress is to fulfil its promises of social and economic change its representatives must be in close touch with the peasants; the key is their belief or their disillusion about a better future for the Indian village.

* * *

I have never thought that because an undeveloped country threw off its imperial ruler, it would then step out fully armed as a western democracy. When it reverts to a local dictatorship one has to ask whether, like Henry the Eighth, it will compensate for its methods by carrying out some really useful reforms which the politicians funked, and whether it can be got rid of without misery and bloodshed when it serves its term. A year ago when I was in Pakistan the economic misery and political confusion was so great that a temporary dictatorship seemed almost inevitable. Since General Ayub Khan took over I have been asking whether there could be any compensations for the arrests of Bashani (the one genuine Socialist leader) and many of his associates in East Pakistan and of most of the progressive group of journalists in West Pakistan. Of these, I notice that Ahmed Nadim Qasmi the editor of the Urdu paper *Imroze* and several members of the staff of the *Pakistan Times* have been now released. My good friend, Faiz, Pakistan's best poet, is still in gaol; his crime seems to have been that he was present last autumn at the Writers' Congress in Tashkent. Inquiry doesn't make me feel that Ayub Khan intends to push his reforming zeal very far. Fantastically, Pakistan has never carried out the most obviously necessary land reform. Now Ayub Khan decrees a ceiling of 500 irrigated acres or 1,000 acres of non-irrigated land. Breaking up estates larger than this will, I gather, end the power of a few of the biggest feudal landlords, but not even hurt the feelings of the army chiefs and landlords on whom the General relies.

* * *

You remember the row about the colour bar in a Wolverhampton dance hall last year? It provoked strong protest in the House of Commons and before the Bench. John Baird, one of Wolverhampton's MPs, led the protest, in alliance with the musicians union and other organisations. They failed to get their way, but I read now that the tenant of the dance hall, who imposed the ban, has been arrested on a charge of fraud and that the owners of the hall have resumed control of it and lifted the ban.

* * *

Licensees of pubs, unlike innkeepers, can lawfully refuse to serve a customer on the mere ground that they dislike his face. A growing number of them are discovering, not necessarily that they dislike coloured faces but that their white-faced customers do; so they try to discourage the coloured ones from coming in for a drink. There are several ways of doing this, but I

read not long ago of a landlord who charges a shilling a pint for beer which the white-faced can have for eightpence. Apparently it's quite lawful to do this, too: the fixed minimum charge is the 'public bar' price, most of the saloon bar and other fancy prices being arranged locally by Licensed Victuallers' Associations. Similarly, if you must have your beer in the Savoy lounge you have to pay more for it than they do at the Dog and Duck, although you are all drinking the same stuff. Once it is accepted that a man with a dark skin is to pay an extra fourpence a pint for the privilege of drinking with the whites, *apartheid* is here on our doorstep. I'm glad to hear that the brewers in this case have put their feet down.

* * *

I was distressed to see that Eric Gregory, whom I knew best through the part he played in the Ganymed Press, had died on Monday in Lagos. I have been talking to several of his friends, especially to Miss Jane Drew, who speaks movingly of him as 'a merry, kind and self-effacing man' and describes how he encouraged young poets, sculptors and painters and musicians – 'more than anyone else of his generation'. He was the founder of the Institute of Contemporary Arts, and started fellowships at Leeds University for artists, musicians and poets. The list of artists in every sphere who owe much to his encouragement is legion. He did books about them and bought their works. But he was also a shrewd Yorkshireman, naturally chosen as 'honorary treasurer' to the societies in which he was interested. He was the publisher of *Focus*, the memorable journal of rebellious architectural students. It was mainly due to him, I think, that Lund Humphreys and Co. became known as producers of some of the best books on living art.

* * *

Some Labour MPs are insisting that men and women with 'working class' accents should be given a chance in the general election party political broadcasts in place of those with Oxford accents; and the two main parties are at present locked in negotiation with the BBC and the ITA about the allocation of time for such broadcasts, no matter in what accent they are delivered. But so far the sharpest point seems to have been overlooked. It is known that the bulk of the Labour vote is polled after 6 p.m. when the workers come home, whereas the Tories get the bulk of their vote in during the morning and afternoon. Hence, dense fog or other adverse weather after six may easily affect the result. There is not, I think, much doubt that heavy rain between 6 and 9 pm cost Mr Michael Foot his seat in Devonport last time. But could not an especially attractive TV programme have a similar effect all over the country? Canvassers already report that it is useless to knock on doors during *Shadow Squad* and one agent is convinced that he lost a municipal by-election because a floodlit Manchester United match was being televised on polling night. Of course, if passions are at fever heat neither fog nor Quatermass will interfere with voting. One city Council, I noticed the other day, adjourned to view Quatermass at the invitation of the local publican. But what if, as is possible, no great passion is excited? Our government for the next five years might then be decided by the television programme on polling night. It might help if on that evening all channels deliberately broadcast bad programmes, though not all viewers would notice the difference. But the most constructive action Labour could take in its own interest would be to ask Sir Tom O'Brien to call out his union – and so bring the studios to a halt – on the night!

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

'We've got a record entry of – would you believe it? – *poodles*,' 57-year-old Lord Northesk told me disgustedly.

'It's all a result of women getting the vote,' explained the man whose hobby, apart from dogs, is branch railway preservation.

'A nation gets the dog that it deserves. In a few years' time the British will be represented by a poodle, like those volatile French.' – *News Chronicle*. (A. A. Smithies.)

The first two years of our marriage were reasonably happy, although I never liked the intimate side. My husband and I quarrelled over this and, in the heat of the moment, I told him that if that was all he wanted from marriage he could find another woman. Now he has taken me at my word, but ever since, strangely, he has been far nicer to me. My mother says I must leave him. What shall I do? – Letter in *Woman's Own*. (Alan Tucker.)

A bundle of five sticks of gelignite was found yesterday near County Hall, SE. The man who noticed them carried the bundle across Westminster Bridge to Cannon Row police station, where it was registered in the lost property book. – *The Times*. (A. M. Laquer.)

When the teacher is the only one in the classroom without a television set at home, he can't help feeling his position. – *Observer*. (Ena Cliffe.)

Mr Ernest Bewicke, aged 75, of Wash Lane, Bury, celebrated his golden wedding anniversary yesterday with a backward somersault from the top diving board of Bury public baths. To mark the occasion he was given free admission to the baths. – *Manchester Guardian*. (R. C. Price.)

My Life with the BBC

SOMEONE skilled in research, curious and ingenious should undertake a history of the BBC. It is a capital subject. The Corporation is the most interesting and characteristic institution of our time. Like the Church of England (which in many ways it closely resembles), it has come to pass with little ostensible planning. The original pattern set by its Founding Father, John (now Lord) Reith, has been modified and elaborated, but not essentially changed. From 'Lift up your hearts' to 'Good-night, everyone, Good-night', the basic rhythm remains intact.

Even television has been digested, though with some anguish. In the result, the Corporation has become one of the chief barkers for constituted authority in all its guises. All the rhetoric, sycophancy, cowardice and fraud of a decomposing society has passed through its channels; like a gigantic prism, it has bent and coloured impinging rays in accordance with its own composition. By appearing to be free of governmental control, its subservience is the more effective. And, in any case, the sort of individuals chosen to occupy the higher control posts ensures that, without any specific directives, the Corporation may be relied on always to operate on the side of conformism. The party line does not have to be formulated; it beats naturally in their hearts, and speaks in their mouths, and wanly illumines their eyes.

The first Director-General, Lord Reith, was a kind of *exalté*, who made a mission out of fashioning the BBC – the only truly interesting man ever to have been eminently concerned with it. A curious and stormy blend of Scottish Calvinism, snobbism and self-assertion rumbled furiously in his powerful but not very coherent mind; and this, combined with considerable acumen and ability, provided the first, and enduring, dynamic. The BBC voice, so unlike his own, was to his specification. It speaks still, measured, articulate and genteel; somewhat hushed when death is the theme, otherwise presenting the weather and the woes which confront us in like accents, with only a very occasional emphasis in signifying a quotation.

From Lord Reith, too, is derived the note of piety which informs numerous BBC offerings. That he took this aspect of the Corporation's role very seriously is indicated by one of the many legendary anecdotes associated with his name. It seems that a member of his staff was once discovered in amorous dalliance on a sofa in Broadcasting House. The man was at once fired; but subsequently the Director-General agreed to reconsider his case on the condition that he should in no circumstances be permitted to speak the Epilogue. It falls to few, like Lord Reith, to found and shape a decisive contemporary institution.

After him came the administrators – like the Indian Civil Service taking over the heritage of Clive and Warren Hastings. Sir William Haley transformed Lord Reith's creation into a mere machinery of acquiescence, and he was fittingly succeeded by a talented staff-officer, Sir Ian Jacob, skilled in making appreciations, and in reducing even the wild strategic notions of Sir Winston Churchill to numbered paragraphs of flat, savourless prose. Sir William, with his Home Service mind and Third Programme aspirations, has found a suitable perch in Printing House Square, where he edits *The Times*, and, in the person of Oliver Edwards, faintly resurrects from their quiet graves writers who once deserved the praises of *The Times Literary Supplement*. Sir Ian reigns still.

My own relations with the Corporation extended over some 15 years, with gaps when I was in disgrace. They were finally terminated, to our mutual satisfaction, at the end of 1958, though I note with interest, and I confess some surprise, that an edition of Ed Murrow's programme, *Small World*, in which I appear, is shortly to be shown on BBC television. The first broadcast I gave, on the Third Programme, was about the Webbs. It caused some complaints – I never knew from whom or on what grounds. A letter from George Barnes (then holding the bizarre post of Director of the Spoken Word) informed me that the broadcast's announced repetition had been cancelled. The Corporation, of course, was in a position to take such action. It disposed of enormous patronage, in dispensing which it could be quite arbitrary. There was no obligation to justify, or even explain, its exclusions, preferences, and imperfect sympathies. The large number of dons, journalists, writers, politicians, and other miscellaneous publicists and intellectuals who appeared on BBC programmes were easily induced to be compliant. They needed, or liked, the fees; and the publicity which accompanied their appearances was professionally advantageous. Thus, it was not difficult to keep them well under control. Any who erred and strayed, failing to heed the sheep-dog's admonitory bark, were just excluded from the flock.

After a decent interval, I was invited back on to the Critics' programme, then young and in the spring. This programme was recorded. Thus, if one of the Critics, by accident, expressed himself,

as the BBC considered, over-emphatically or in a manner displeasing to the Corporation, it could be, and usually was, deleted. How well I remember the scene! – arriving at Broadcasting House in time for luncheon, having, at any rate notionally, seen a film and a play, read a book, looked at an art exhibition and listened to a radio programme. After eating, the five critics, under the eye of one or more BBC officials, launched upon their preliminary discussions before going to the studio. Unless something went wrong, by five o'clock it was all over. One was out in the street – a queer choking misery, despair, seizing one as one made one's way up Regent's Street toward Piccadilly. George Orwell worked for a time in Broadcasting House. He told me once that it gave him the idea for the Ministry of Truth in *1984*.

There were other occasional programmes, like *Any Questions?*, which had their own special oddities, notably the studio audience. I loved to see the man in charge expertly rousing these audiences (only too happy to have gained admission) to applaud; then banking them down, inducing them to laugh, and generally manipulating them in accordance with the exigencies of the programme – all by the wave of an arm, like an expert orchestral conductor. The studio audience, I should say, provides the perfect image of mid-20th-century democracy. At the time of Suez, I saw a photograph of troops by the Canal, all looking very glum except for one small party, which was being televised: thumbs up and smiling, as required.

The programmes I most enjoyed, however, were the Far Eastern department's panels. For these we would assemble in the evening, and the questions would be put – from Li Pang-yo of Kuala Lumpur, from J. Kichiwicki of Yokohama, from A. Ramakrishnan of Calcutta. Here the controls were relaxed. No one really cared what was said to Messrs Li Pang-yo, J. Kichiwicki and A. Ramakrishnan. They were figures as mythical as we, the panel, were ourselves. Our encounter took place in the stratosphere, unheeded by the Corporation Brass, or, indeed, as far as I know, by anyone. I have travelled a good deal in the areas allegedly covered by these programmes without ever encountering anyone, European or Asian, who had listened to them.

Then came television. I began by interviewing Billy Graham, and subsequently appeared fairly regularly in *Panorama*, again with gaps due to some misdemeanour at which I could only guess. It was very like sound broadcasting; indeed, was largely run by the same people, with the single outstanding exception of Cecil McGivern, who in some miraculous way has managed to remain a whole man in the sunless land of the BBC hierarchy – in the same sort of way that you will find among the closed faces in some prison or concentration camp one which still unaccountably smiles and reflects the glow of life. In Lime Grove, as in Broadcasting House, I had the odd illusion of hearing my own voice coming from far away, and speaking in alien accents on behalf of some being other than myself.

Appearing on television cannot but be a form of exhibitionism. The actor at least has to play someone else; the television performer has to play himself. Looking back, I can only recall one interview which I found really exhilarating. This was with Mr Brendan Behan. He was, as he put it himself, 'somewhat full', and there was a question whether he was in a fit condition to appear on the screen at all. I pleaded that he should appear, on the ground that, since the object was to introduce to viewers the author of *The Quare Fellow*, it would be absurd, and even dishonest, to adjust his condition and appearance to suit the Corporation. After all, he was not to speak the Epilogue. One of the higher BBC officials, in a state of great agitation, drew me aside and said that if Behan were to use the word **** (female and anatomical) I was not to laugh. I reassured him on this point, though there was, I must admit, some ground for apprehension. Behan had been using this and other like expletives very freely and loudly. In the event, he did appear, and was, fortunately for the BBC, largely speechless. Thus my risible propensities were put to no strain.

It must, I think, be counted to the BBC for virtue that it continued to employ me despite my strong advocacy of commercial television. Anything, it seemed to me, which broke the Corporation's monopoly would be to the good; and anyway its lesser employees (many of whom were extremely capable, enterprising and sympathetic) would at least have a possibility of alternative employment instead of being irretrievably subjected, as they were, to the parsimony and paternalism of Broadcasting House. The latter advantage has accrued: the monopoly remains. It is simply that two BBCs have been made to grow where there was only one before. Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick is to Sir Ian Jacob what Bulganin used to be to Krushchev. They match. Any hope that the BBC, confronted with competition, would lose some of its pomposity and unction has been disappointed, as has any hope that the commercial networks would prove less essentially conformist in temper.

All that has happened is that the BBC has remained very much as it was before. At the same time it makes feeble, and often costly, efforts to emulate the mass-entertainment offerings of the independent networks, thus competing in fields where the greater its success the more abject its failure. Programmes like *This Is Your Life* deprive the Corporation of any right to differentiate between itself and its competitors. Incidentally, they also invalidate its favourite justification for timidity and equivocation – which is that, abroad, it is considered to be a governmental voice. In present circumstances, why should, say, Richard Dimbleby be regarded as more a mouthpiece of constituted authority than, say, Robin Day? Is a staff-officer from the Cabinet Offices more 'reliable' than a sometime Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office? Obviously not. In any case, the independent networks are at present making so much money that they are well content to keep Sir Ivone as happy as they do their shareholders. The BBC has followed them into the low-grade entertainment field, and they have been admitted to the Establishment enclosure.

My own *de facto* expulsion from the air followed a row about some observations I had made in an American magazine on the subject of the monarchy. Whether it was the sentiments themselves (which, in any case, I had expressed rather more clearly and succinctly in this journal two years earlier), or some circumstance connected with their expression, I have no means of knowing. My agent just received a brief intimation that my contract would not be renewed. That was all.

I was glad that the last thing I had to do was to interview Augustus John. This admirable man, in the circumstances, provided a wonderful restorative, reminding one that the whole of mankind did not inhabit the airless, symmetrical upper floors of Broadcasting House, or consist of the Queen's more stridently loyal upper- or middle-class subjects. Only one thing worried me. I and others had put in a lot of work preparing the commentary for a long television documentary, *The Thirties*. The programme had been scheduled, but to make sure that it really would appear I asked to see the Director-General. Sir Ian received me in his office – a short, buttoned-up figure, who looked at me uneasily across his desk. His suggestion was that *The Thirties* should be put off for three months. I said that a decision ought to be taken to show it as announced or to scrap it. He accepted this view – for which I am suitably grateful – and it duly appeared, to my great satisfaction.

Outside Sir Ian's office I found Sir Alexander Cadogan, like Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick a former Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. He was bending over, I think to take off galoshes, preparatory to going in to preside over a meeting of the BBC governors, of whom he was then chairman. Going down in the lift, I thought how amusing it would have been if, at the moment of my encounter with Sir Alexander, an exile from behind the Iron Curtain, seeking freedom and anxious to signify his respect and gratitude to the BBC, had arrived on the scene.

'Here,' I should have said, pointing to Sir Alexander, and indicating the way to Sir Ian's office, 'is your freedom. Pray, enjoy it to the full!'

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

The Died Detainee

By almost every post I receive letters of complaint from Kenya detainees. I am at a loss to know what to do with them. They are always very detailed and factual and they always carry a long list of signatures, so that I feel I can't just throw them away. But what can I do about them? They usually contain a jumble of allegations, ranging from the more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger laments about bad conditions (inadequate rations, forced labour, faulty sanitation and water supply) to horrifying allegations of brutality and even murder. Sometimes I can barely follow the English in which they are written. For example:

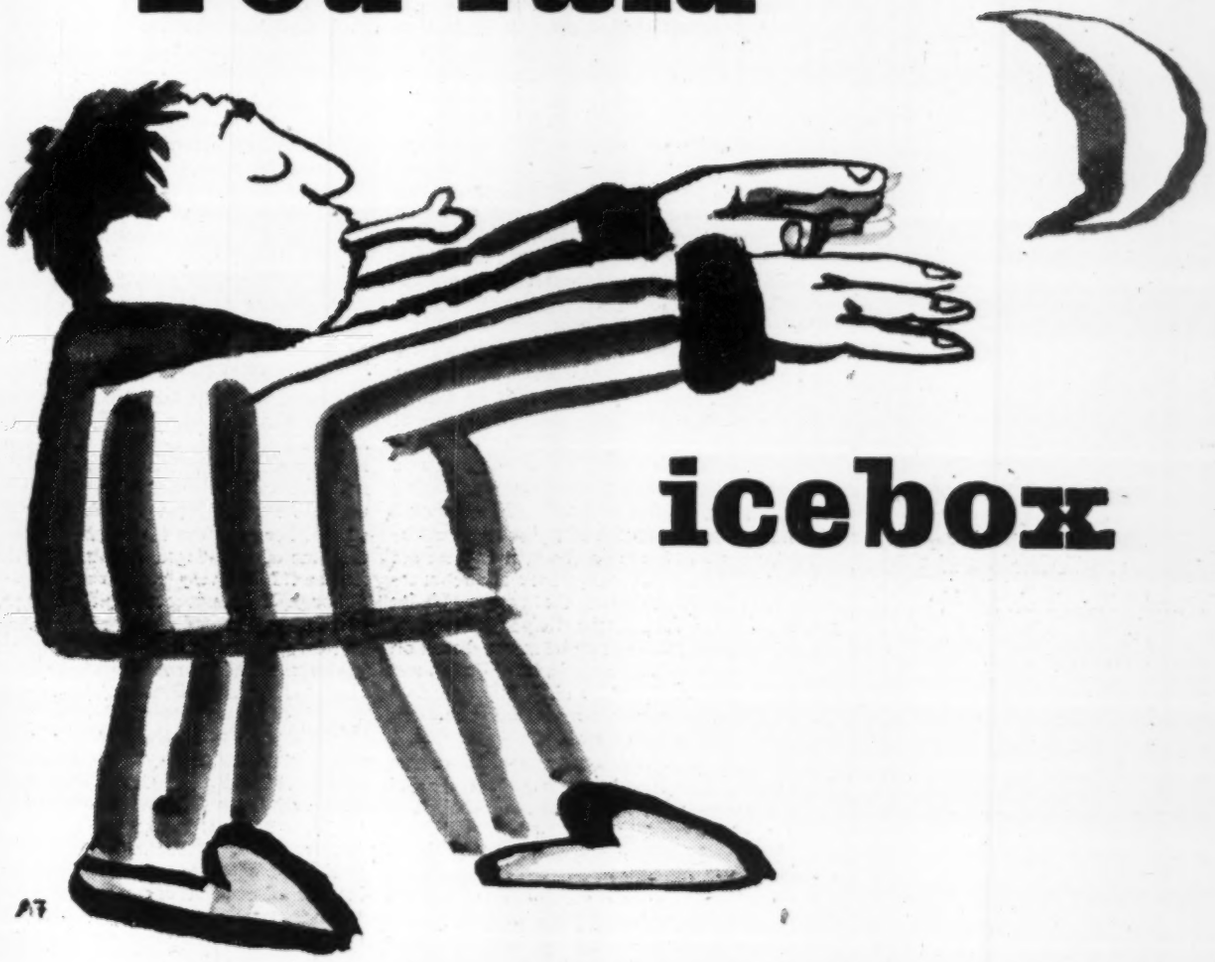
> That we the detainees in Hola are highly perturbed by the authorities laid down by our Kenya government for having (a) to be kept in under slavery, serfdom, now for 8-9 years; (b) some of us were sentenced to year 2-4 in 1950-1951, etc. That my/our questions lies that, how many times are we Kenya Goverts bound to have punished?

Sometimes, on the other hand, they are written with an almost legal clarity and precision. Often they contain touches of biblical beauty: 'Our honoured Lady Barbara Castle, we are again at your calling like the previous day.' Or they come in a comical mixture of slang and poetry: 'Try your best, you our great sister.' (I can almost hear the District Commissioners sniffing their contempt that I should fall for *that*.)

I have tried various ways of answering these pleas. Sometimes I forward the letters to the Colonial Secretary, as I did in February last when I received a list of protests from men who had mutinied at Mageta Island camp. Mr Lennox-Boyd took a lot of time to complete his inquiries and then wrote to me four months later rejecting all the complaints. He added severely: 'I think you will agree in the light of the investigations which were carried out to establish these facts that the results do not justify any further inquiries into the allegations of your correspondents, many of which have been shown to be thoroughly misleading and inaccurate.'

Snubbed and discouraged, I let the next few letters go unread. But still they came in a disturbing stream. So I tried picking out one or two specific points and asking parliamentary questions

You raid icebox



Night. Starvation. Night. Owls hoot, clocks strike, wives snore like cellos.

Arise, get up, poor fellows! Raid icebox. Burgle refrigerator.

Stair creaks . . . clock tocks . . . hinge squeals . . . cat screams . . . dog groans . . .

All lost? Wife's mellow snore . . . Excelsior.

Refrigerator! No nerves now. Cool as ice. No noise . . . no!

Open, click, shut, click, open, click, shut. Quiet.

Open: *leg of chicken.* Shut; *sealed, sure, safe sound.* Wilmot Breeden.

Latch handle, ingenious mechanism, all Wilmot Breeden. Open, shut. Effortless. Robust.

Research. Science. Mathematical principles. Miracle of. Wilmot Breeden.

Make latches and locks for refrigerators. And. For automobiles and. Make bumpers, handles, window-winders. And again. *Virtually every British car roads today components Wilmot Breeden.*

Ah. Aha. Ahaha! Sleep, now.

WILMOT BREEDEN are at Birmingham: also at London, Manchester, Bridgwater, Glasgow, Melbourne, Toronto.

A Royal Commission on the Universities?

4 articles on this subject—one by the Vice-Chancellor of Leicester —are in the February issue of UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY. Other articles include: New Hope for Adult Education, The German Universities (West and East), U.S. Education & the Commonwealth (by the President of Rochester, U.S.A.), Mathematics in Australia, Broader Education in Technological Depts., University Standards.

UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY
Turnstile Press, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. 30s. a year, 7s. 6d. for single copies.

Leipzig is worth a visit!

Leipzig Fair, in the German Democratic Republic, will be more representative than ever this spring. 10,000 exhibitors from 40 countries are taking part, and visitors from all over the world are coming to see the displays and do business. *What's your Line?* Machine Tools? Glassware? Chemicals? Optical Instruments? Whatever it is, you'll find that Leipzig Fair is worth a visit!

1st-10th MARCH

LEIPZIG FAIR

TECHNICAL FAIR & SAMPLE FAIR

Special flights by KLM and SABENA, through bookings by LOT Polish Airlines. Full information, including details of the free Suppliers' Directory Service, from

Leipzig Fair Agency, Dept. W5, 127, Oxford Street, W.1.

about them. One of the most frequent complaints is that the men in certain camps are compelled to do forced labour for which they are paid eight shillings a month. Last April the Colonial Secretary denied that the labour was 'forced': it was merely 'required'. The detainees, he explained, earn 55 shillings a month, but deductions of 47 shillings are made for rations, clothing and 'time spent on camp maintenance for which no payment is due.' He seemed to think that this disposed of me and my complaints. But, in fact, his replies showed that the letters I receive are not all lies. Are they, then, lies or truth when they complain of brutality? Many of the detainees write to explain that they refuse to do forced labour. ('Can adult earn eight shillings per month through his life?', one detainee wrote.) And when they refuse, they often allege, they run the risk of being beaten up.

The Colonial Secretary very much resents these questions in the House. Once he snapped back at me: 'If the honourable lady is receiving a large number of letters from detainees, it is all part of a campaign to smear the security forces and the administration in Kenya.' Tired of these attacks on our good faith, some of us have tried urging that the elected members of Legco in Kenya should take over the thankless task of trying to get at the facts. After all, they are on the spot and we are not. But we found that Kenya MPs are not automatically allowed to visit the camps. Under pressure in the House, the Colonial Secretary insisted that such visits must be at the discretion of the Governor and Commissioner of Police, and he added: 'I should not be altogether surprised if the Kenya government were reluctant to allow visits by Kenya elected members.'

It was, therefore, with a discouraged sigh that I opened another long letter from Kenya dated 15 September last. It was headed: 'Ref. The Death of Detainees Through Beating,' and there were five closely written pages, with three signatures. I flicked through it, intending to put it on one side. Then, under the sub-heading 'DIED NAME OF DETAINEE,' my eye caught an allegation of murder so precise that I felt I could not ignore it. I therefore wrote to Mr Lennox-Boyd as follows: 'I have received a complaint from some detainees of Aguthi Works Camp in Kenya that one of the detainees, Kabugi s/o Njuma, died on 5 September 1958 as a result of beating by African warders. I should be grateful if you could make some inquiries into this allegation.' Mr Lennox-Boyd replied by return that he had already heard of this and had asked the Governor for a full report.

The 'full report' came six days later. It said that Kabugi was one of a group of former Mau Mau convicts who was transferred to Aguthi camp on 5 September and that, as was customary, had been put to work immediately on arrival. 'Mr Njuma,' continued the letter, 'was employed in carrying buckets of earth from a pit to an area which was being banked up, some 80 yards away. After a short period at work he collapsed. He was promptly sent by car to the civil hospital but he died *en route*. A post-mortem was carried out by a medical officer and the cause of death was certified as "pulmonary infection". An inquest was held on 19 September, at which the Resident Magistrate, Nyeri, returned a verdict of death from natural causes. There is no truth in the allegation that the deceased was beaten by African warders at Aguthi camp.' That, it seemed, was that.

To my surprise, however, on 12 November Mr Lennox-Boyd wrote to me again. 'I have since,' he said, 'had another report from the Governor correcting the information on which I based my letter. The cause of death was, in fact, certified as "pulmonary infarction". Since this is usually a secondary phenomenon, instructions have been given for further investigations to be made.' I asked a doctor colleague to explain these medical terms. 'Pulmonary infection means an infection of the lungs', he told me. 'Pulmonary infarction means that a portion of the lung has been deprived of its blood supply and the portion so affected dies.' He rightly guessed that 'what you have in mind is whether violence could have caused it.' Three months later Mr Lennox-Boyd confirmed my fears.

'I am sorry that I should have misled you,' he wrote. 'As a result of the investigation into this case, there is some evidence that Kabugi s/o Njuma and two other former Mau Mau prisoners, who transferred to Aguthi Works Camp on 5 September, were assaulted by an African District Assistant, Samuel Githu, and by African warders under his direction, when they arrived at Aguthi.

'The Attorney General of Kenya has instituted proceedings against Githu on three charges for assault inflicting actual bodily harm on Kabugi and these two other detainees. The charge would have been more serious if the medical evidence had not indicated that the process of infarction, from which Kabugi died, apparently began several hours before his death, and well before the time of the alleged assault. Both the Governor and I are very concerned about this and, although I cannot comment on it further at present, as proceedings are under way, I will certainly want to make a statement when they are over. The Governor has already given directions for an administrative inquiry to be conducted at once into the lack of responsible supervision at this particular camp'.

I salute Mr Lennox-Boyd's courage and honesty in following this matter through. It cannot have been easy for him to eat his words. But his letter has raised more questions that it has, in fact, answered. How could it happen that the Resident Magistrate could return a verdict at the inquest of natural causes? Whose evidence is taken in cases like these? Would the significance of the words 'pulmonary infarction' on the death certificate ever have been realised if an MP had not written to the Colonial Secretary? How many similar cases go undetected because an MP does not intervene? Or inadequately punished because of the nature of the charges preferred?

I have now re-read the original letter from the detainees with greater care. They allege that three other men (whose names they give) were so badly beaten at the same time that they were taken to hospital and that another detainee died in hospital the next day 'through the same beating'. I also note that, according to the postscript, copies of the letter to me were sent at the same time to the Governor, the Commissioner of Prisons and to the African elected members. Yet six weeks later the Colonial Secretary assured me, on the basis of the Governor's report, that there was 'no truth' in the allegations.

I must now, clearly, send all the allegations to Mr Lennox-Boyd. But I cannot help wondering how much evidence lies unexamined in my files. The words of the men from Aguthi have a new poignancy:

> In regarding to what we wrote you on September 3rd, '58 [they wrote on 15 September], now you have to prove yourself that we told you more truth and we have to go on by informing you more about truth. Again please inform the Home Government more about this events in order it must stop all these sadness activities against African detainees.

I suppose we must go on trying.

BARBARA CASTLE

The Man Who Became Infamous

SIDNEY LEWIS BERNSTEIN, chairman of Granada Group Ltd, was 60 years old on 30 January. It was probably the unhappiest birthday of his life, for on that day he had to address the annual general meeting of his company in an atmosphere very different from that of friendly calm in which the shareholders had met for 24 years.

Several factors had contributed to the 'hullabaloo', as Mr Bernstein called it in his statement on this occasion (long extracts from which were published in the press as an advertisement). The trouble dates back to last August, when an outside agency, 'on behalf of clients', offered to buy the ordinary shares of the company. This offer was not submitted to the board of Granada, but made direct to shareholders by letter. On the day after the offer, Mr Bernstein announced that the directors, their families and friends – owning some 75 per cent. of the ordinary shares – were not intending to sell: this, Mr Bernstein explained, was a warning to the original shareholders not to sell at the price offered.

The next thing that happened was that a Mr Whipp – identified by Mr Bernstein as the person who had initiated the offer to buy the shares – issued a writ against the directors of the company, alleging fraud. This is now *sub judice*.

A few days later, dealings in Granada shares started on the Stock Exchange. Mr Bernstein, worried both by the dealings and by the newspaper stories about them, appealed to the Council of the Stock Exchange to stop the dealings. The Council did so.

Then, a few weeks before the annual meeting, Mr Jonathan Guinness, of the brewing family, whose holdings in Granada were registered on 9 January 1959, circularised his fellow-shareholders asking them to sign a document requesting a Board of Trade investigation. He was, it seems, disturbed by a proposal which had been mooted, but dropped, last August, that Mr Bernstein and his brother Cecil should take up certain deferred shares in the television subsidiary company. (In the event, these shares were taken up by the parent company.)

To people outside the financial arena, such exchanges might seem part of the everyday cut-and-thrust of the gladiators of big business; but Sidney Bernstein's friends say that he has been profoundly depressed and shaken by this series of events. Odd as it may be, he really does seem to have little experience of 'the City' as such. All his life has been spent in the active running of one form or another of show-business. He is proud of his 'nice old-fashioned company', which has existed tranquilly for all these years, 'paying five per cent. and ploughing back the profits'. He is proud, too, of the fact that the overwhelming majority of the shareholders have supported him in this crisis: 44 of them turned up on 30 January (being slightly outnumbered by the press), and only four voted against the resolutions put to the meeting, which included an 'incentive' resolution that 200,000 'A' ordinary shares should be issued to Granada executives and staff.

One alleviation of his distress was an invitation to luncheon from the chairman of Barclays Bank. Mr Bernstein has always banked with Barclays, having first been taken there by his father when he was in short pants, and has no doubt been supported by the bank with loans; but he had never before received such an invitation, and – though no 'shop' was talked at luncheon – he took it as a tacit expression of sympathy.

In retrospect, he is probably now glad that he revised his address to the annual general meeting before delivering it, cutting out various acerbities to which he had felt morally entitled. Even so, his victory on that occasion was so thorough that he now says to his intimates, with complete sincerity: 'I never felt so humiliated in my life as when I succeeded at that meeting'. He also recalls – *á propos* the barrage of embarrassing publicity – a famous article by Harold Laski in the NEW STATESMAN of 14 July 1945, entitled 'On Being Suddenly Infamous'.

This episode has been almost as painful to Mr Bernstein's friends as to himself; for he is widely respected as one of the few tycoons in the world of entertainment who are men of enlightened culture; and Socialists in particular know of him as a convinced supporter of the Labour Party. (Many of them will echo his almost despairing cry to the shareholders: 'What does all this mean? Something is happening which we don't quite understand. . . . Is it that certain opportunists regard the profits of television as their proper quarry. . . ?')

Mr Bernstein is generally described in the press as a 'Socialist millionaire'. He denies that he is a millionaire (unlike the redoubtable Mr Paul Getty, who, when asked recently whether his total wealth amounted to £40 or to £50 millions, replied: 'If you can count it, you can't have much'.) Nevertheless, he is clearly very comfortably off, with a large and well-equipped farm in Kent, a flat in Mount Street, Mayfair, and a more modest house in Manchester (where he spends part of each week). Even when he needed money during the war, and sold many of his works of art and other possessions, he never parted with the Modigliani portrait that hangs above a fireplace in his flat.

Having a London housekeeper who is an excellent cook, he entertains his friends at this flat rather than at restaurants. Dinner will be simple but good: a smoked trout with a glass of aquavit, a pheasant with a correctly *chambré* St Emilion, a soufflé. (But there is a television set in each room, in case something has to be looked at.)

The Modigliani is one of several favourite pictures – a Lowry, a Matthew Smith, a Boudin. He buys what he likes rather than what is fashionable, but his taste is lucky: he is proud of having bought (for £35) the first Paul Klee that ever came to England. There is a noble Tang horse on the piano.

In his personal appearance he carries elegant unobtrusiveness to an extreme: plain dark-blue suit and tie, white shirt. (Yet he chose the name Granada because it recalled the sun-drenched flamboyance of Spain.) He looks younger than he is. His hair has begun to turn grey and to recede only in recent years; his only physical

idiosyncrasy is his broken nose (flattened in a boyhood football accident), which he refuses to let a plastic surgeon repair. (A columnist seeking to make up for an accidentally libellous reference to him, once wrote a eulogy which ended with the statement that he looked 'like a gentleman boxer': by a ghastly error in transmission the last word was left out.)

A man is known partly by his friends. Among Mr Bernstein's old and close friends are Alfred Hitchcock, Charles Chaplin and Charles Laughton. Among those who influenced him most when he was young were Julian and Aldous Huxley, Mark Gertler and James Stephens. Unlike his parents, he is not an Orthodox Jew; but he has 'got this thing about Jewishness' and scrupulously sends New Year, not Christmas, cards.

Must a rich Socialist have a kind of split personality, or at least a divided allegiance? Mr Bernstein does not think so. He would certainly not feel happy as an armaments manufacturer, but he says: 'It's wrong for a Socialist to feel ashamed of making a success of our type of business'. And again, while the capitalist system lasts, 'I don't see why we should let the big boys have it all'. There must be, too, a certain gratification in doing the job better than 'the big boys' do: a Gallup poll recently reported that Granada was regarded by viewers throughout the country as doing the best job of all the ITV programme contractors.

It is not an affectation on Mr Bernstein's part to consider himself not one of the 'big boys'. Substantial as his success now is – with a circuit of some 60 cinemas as well as the TV network – his beginnings were relatively modest. He was born at Ilford, the third of nine children of a quarry-owner with an incidental interest in a few cinemas. When he died he left Sidney (then 21) and his brother Cecil three small cinemas; by the time Sidney was 40 he had one for each year of his life. Lovers of serious foreign films remember him as a founder of the Film Society; but from the first he set out to make all his cinemas (as C. A. Lejeune has testified) 'selective and responsible', and in 1927 he started the first special Saturday-morning shows for children.

He always insists that he is primarily a showman. As such, he has become something of a legendary figure, and his hero, Barnum, is part of the legend. (There is a picture of Barnum in every Granada executive's office.) This is not merely because Barnum was a great showman – though 'not the vulgarian that people think he was': Mr Bernstein explains that 'it helps to deflate pomposity – the ruin of British films was striped trousers and titles'.

Part of the legend about him – partly, but not wholly, true – is that he is (a) a paternalist and (b) an autocrat, and an autocrat who delegates insufficiently and fusses too much over details: a 'perfectionist'. He has an answer to any evidence cited in support of these charges. If he is a paternalist because Granada pays specialist fees for a sick employee, it may be partly to get the man back to work more quickly. If he is an interfering autocrat because he criticises the firm's ashtrays or asks why a man has had ten hours' overtime one week, it is because both bad design and too much overtime are, to him, objectionable in principle.

Nobody who knows anything about television will deny that his methods bring results; his staff, though they find him 'difficult', also find him inspiring to work for; and less 'enlightened' programme-contractors, though he sometimes fails to persuade them to join him in booking some programme of quality (e.g., Ed Murrow's *Small World* series), find his varied contributions to the ITA network increasingly useful. It was typical of him that Granada's first programme should include a tribute to the BBC, and that another programme, about sound-radio, should be called 'Granada Visits the BBC'. It is also typical that Granada is endowing serious research at various universities on the whole subject of communication, as well as on television; and that visitors to art galleries, in Manchester and elsewhere, will shortly be able to hire for half-a-crown a gadget with earphones, through which they will hear interpretative commentaries on the pictures they are looking at.

It is at least arguable that autocracy is a necessary element in the running of television at the present time. If this is so, Sidney Bernstein may be said to be the best autocrat we have.

The Arts and Entertainment

Autographs

I HAVE now been writing art criticism long enough to be proved wrong. Five years ago at John Bratby's first exhibition, I wrote as follows:

> Bratby paints as though he sensed that he only had one more day to live. He paints a packet of Cornflakes on a littered kitchen table as though it were part of a Last Supper: he paints landscapes as if seen from a prison cell: his wife as though she were staring at him through a grille and he was never to see her again. One feels that he paints every picture in order to imprint the subject so vividly on his consciousness that he may never lose it. As Bratby develops, this intensity will either lead him to blind incoherence or profound discoveries.

The description of the obsessive quality in Bratby's imagination was fair enough. It exists, and at first he was able to turn this quality – or weakness – to account as an artist. It is still claimed that he does this and presumably it was on the strength of this claim that he was chosen to paint the obsessive, outcast 'masterpieces' in the film of *The Horse's Mouth*. But unfortunately it is no longer true and this is where my prophesies went wrong.

Bratby has neither made profound discoveries nor become blindly incoherent. At first, briefly, in 1955 it looked as though he would become incoherent. But after that the factor which I so short-sightedly ignored began to operate. Bratby became successful. The Venice Biennale, Guggenheim prizes, acquisitions by museums throughout the English-speaking world. (He is not acclaimed on the Continent because he is too much of a protestant, hostile or indifferent to any tradition.) The image of himself which the art-public now offered him served as a new kind of release. He no longer had to seize upon a face, a tree or a table, to prove the reality of his relationship with the rest of the world: a process of which his paintings were the by-product. Instead he was given a platform to walk upon and an audience to reassure him of his relationship with them. This audience made it clear that he need only paint pictures as ends in themselves, and that these pictures would automatically justify and confirm his existence. He need no longer search for reality; they would come to him and stare at what he was. And so he began to paint himself painting. His hand with a paintbrush in it began to appear in the bottom of his pictures. In itself, of course, this device or idea was not so important; it was only a visible, literal expression of the deeper change that had occurred. He now steadied himself – thus avoiding incoherence – by the simple act of putting pigment on to the canvas, by simply playing his allotted part as 'a painter'. It ceased to be necessary to investigate and scrutinise and so secure his subjects. And consequently he made no discoveries. His drawing weakened. His lines of thick paint became indiscriminate. His forms became thinner and more linear, and people began to talk delightedly about 'his handwriting' as a painter.

(As I have said before analyses like this may sound too harsh, particularly when the crucial point of the argument is the psychological balance of the artist concerned. But if we do not work on the assumption that the truth is salutary, we shall cure no one and nothing.)

In Bratby's new exhibition (Beaux Arts Gallery) the result of what has happened to him is clearer than ever before. The show consists of nine large, long paintings. Most of them are of tall figures in rooms, and in several these figures represent the same person seen in different positions or different clothes. The way these rather static figures stand side by side along the length of their pictures, their blank staring eyes and their thick squirts of paint, separate and unmixed like tesseræ, suggest – very superficially – certain Byzantine mosaics. But at the bottom of these pictures are the artist's hands painting; here you can't help feeling the saints have been canonised just because Bratby has painted them.

Yet even this superficial resemblance is only in terms of the stiff pretension of the images: in form and design these pictures are not, of course, in the least Byzantine. Such formal unity as they have is simply gained by the continuous, restless revolving of the artist's paint-marks—the folds of clothes, strands of hair, the grain of wood, the design of the wall papers, the tread of tyres, the lines on a face, window frames and furniture legs, all indiscriminately become, as it were, grist to their revolving mill. It is as if he dips a pen into the appearance of these objects to sign his own name. The signature is emphatic and unusual, and it is this which makes his work popular. 'So exciting,' said the well-groomed man with a face like a silver sugar pot, 'And so original and so TAC-TILE.' But the signature is a sprawling one. It lacks all formal beauty. And by its very nature it can only declare that it has been made by Bratby. What it declares about the subject of the painting is incidental and utterly commonplace. As soon as you have allowed for the coarse thick paint and for a few cock-eyed distortions which are the result of the difficulties of fitting the signature into a given space, you can see that his girls are drawn like fashion plates and his scooters like advertisements in a trade paper.

Once Bratby scrutinised his surroundings – greedily – like a man under arrest being led down a street to the police station. Now he signs for things and it is the validity of his chits to which he clings. Yet he himself cannot entirely be blamed for this change, and neither position – whether real or symbolic – is to be envied. The point to remember is that in one way or another this is the transformation which the rewards of our society usually bring about.

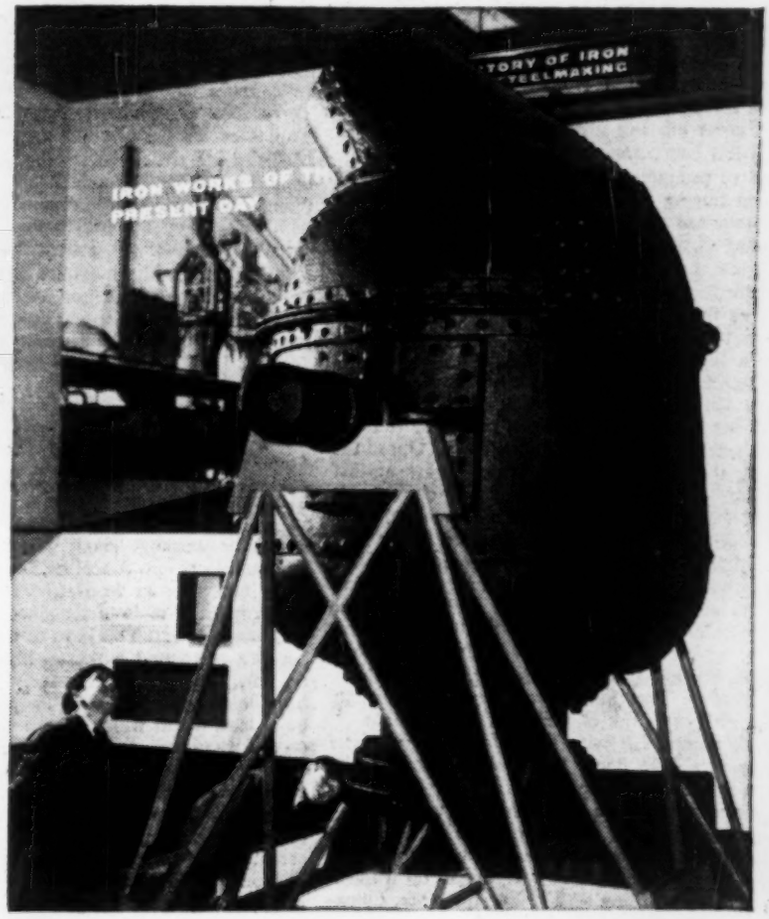
A painter who would do well to learn from this – although he is temperamentally very different – is Tony Whishaw, exhibiting a few pictures at Roland Browse and Delbanco. He is clearly very talented and will clearly have to face the problems of success. I hope to write about his work in detail later.

JOHN BERGER

REMOTE CONTROLLED doors shut off the fierce heat of a modern open-hearth steel furnace. It's really a model (full size) and forms the central part of the new Science Museum gallery designed by Willy Rotter, F.S.I.A., one of Britain's most celebrated industrial artists.

Britain's Steel men show how it's done

Lord Mills opens new Science Museum display of Britain's up-to-the-minute ways of making steel



FIRST-EVER method for mass production of steel was patented by Sir Henry Bessemer in 1856. This is one of his original "converters". Since then, Britain has been in the forefront in the modern manufacture of steel.

Now on show at the Science Museum, London, is a striking new gallery opened last Friday by Minister of Power Lord Mills. In co-operation with the Science Museum, the Steel Industry is presenting the most up-to-date display about iron and steel in the world – with the emphasis on the modern methods used today by Britain's steel makers.

Here you can see the whole fascinating process, from the iron ore dug from the ground, to the finished tough, resilient steel.

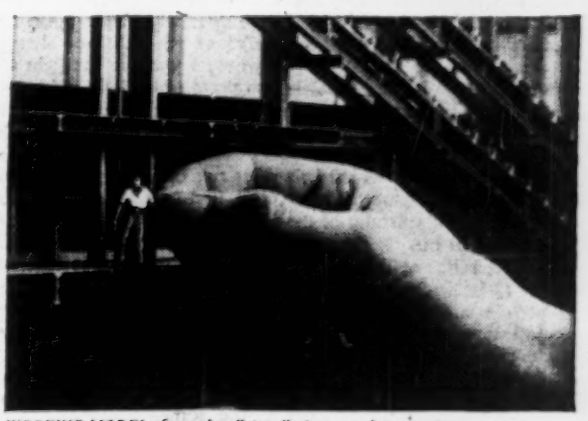
MELTING STEEL WITHOUT FLAME

You can see one of Bessemer's original "converters" which transformed steel from a rarity into a plentiful everyday material – and how a modern integrated steelworks is run. You can see a piece of steel actually melted before your eyes by induction heating – without any flame. You can see the ingenious scientific methods by which steel is tested and improved.

The story of steel is one in which British inventors and British pioneers have led the world. Britain has played the leading role in giving the world this metal, on which civilisation depends.

The British Iron & Steel Federation

ELECTRIC ARC FURNACE model shows how some special steels are made. Behind it, there is an apparatus in which you can watch steel being melted without flame, by high frequency current.



WORKING MODEL of a modern "sinter" plant – used to process iron ores – is another of the marvellously detailed models. All have full explanations.

Count Three

THE wise man who enters a formal jazz concert crosses himself, knocks on wood, or, if a rationalist, merely hopes against hope that this time it will come off. But generally it won't. There are very few jazz combinations which can be guaranteed to produce exactly what the public expects when buying its tickets; that is, if the public's expectations are high. One of them is once again among us, and this critic, a natural pessimist, took his seat in the Festival Hall with perfect, and justified, confidence. Count Basie's band did not let us down. What it does is musically modest, even by jazz standards. The 'Kansas City' formula for big band jazz, of which Basie is the master, and which is quite plainly the most workable yet discovered, is based on simplification and not complexity. (I am not struck by some of the cuter arrangements by Neal Hefti.) Out of the 'riff', the simple repeated blues phrase against which the soloist improvises, has come what André Hodeir calls the 'massive phrase', which is the foundation of all that Basie does. There may be higher things in jazz, but if it comes to ensemble swing, there is not, and perhaps never has been, anything like this band. Individually the soloists are often not of the first class. Indeed, they are generally well below Basie's classic early band. But as a team they have relentless rhythmic perfection. That band, even playing pianissimo, can lift people out of their seats like a crane.

To compare it with Ellington's, as superficial observers have done, is grotesque. Beyond the fact that both are 'big bands' by jazz standards – sixteen men in this case – they have nothing in common. Basie is no more like Ellington than Cobbett as a stylist is like James Joyce. Both write prose well, but the one is trying to do a much more difficult thing with it than the other. Ellington is a subtle composer. Basie the leader of a group which has evolved a foolproof version of the big band blues. Ellington's band is a group of touchy prima donnas, Basie's a team of superlative craftsmen, with the collective pride of an élite regiment. (It must be the only band which itself fines players who turn up late.) On its day the Ellington band is peerless, but its day is unpredictable. The Basie band, more modest in its ambitions, is utterly predictable, and consequently more consistently praised. What is equally to the point, Ellington is an individualist, Basie in the main stream of jazz. The most remarkable thing about his success is that it is achieved by playing straight unadulterated jazz, without gimmicks and acrobatics, a jazz independent of style in so far as it can absorb players of any style (e.g. the markedly modern Thad Jones and Joe Newman) with perfect ease. Even Joe Williams, with whom I was not much struck on the first visit two years ago, has developed into a first-class big-band ballad singer, though he is still not my ideal of a blues singer.

It is a lucky month which brings us not only such excellent live entertainment, but first-rate records. The most splendid of these, which I implore readers to buy, is the great Mahalia Jackson's gospel songs at the Newport Jazz Festival (Philips, 12-inch). The most enjoyable and dashing – perhaps a shade too charming at times? – is Milt Jackson's *Plenty Plenty Soul* (London, 12-inch), especially the side with Lucky Thompson, Joe Newman, Oscar Pettiford and Connie Kay. The most ambitious is the Modern Jazz Quartet's *One Never Knows* (London, 12-inch), which does not quite live up to its claims as programme music – it was written for the French film *When the Devil Drives* – but does live up to our high opinions of its composer John Lewis. (Will he perhaps some day – just for once – try working with something that blows, as well as strikes?) The most disarming is *Back Country Blues* (London, 12-inch), by those two irresistible and authentic minstrels, Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry. To complement American folk-music, Topic Records has given us a second lot of Ewan McColls' Industrial Ballads (*Second Shift*) and a collection of his *Barrack Room Ballads* which, though inevitably a little cleaned up for publication, will twang the heartstrings of every adult British male, and will, I trust, be bought by all. (Both, 10-inch). Alas it cannot contain the famous King Farouk song. Might not the *Lolita* campaigners awake to the strong literary case for making this classic piece of folk-poetry freely available?

FRANCIS NEWTON

Gramophone Records

WHENEVER I ask an honest musician how long he can listen to Vivaldi before falling asleep, the answer is usually 'about twenty minutes', or approximately two concertos. He wrote nearly as many concertos as Scarlatti wrote sonatas, but the proportion of interesting works seems to be very much lower. You have to search with great persistence to find a thoroughly dull sonata by Scarlatti; but amongst the forty or fifty works I have heard by his noble contemporary there must be at least a half which consist for the most part of dull rhythms, stereotyped harmonic progressions and four-square phrasing. The crucial thing is to choose carefully; and this has been done in the new Philips recording of five of the concertos – an offering which on the face of it might seem to be a splendid alternative to a large dose of Soneril. Only one of the five is a bore; the others are instrumentally exciting and dramatically very powerful indeed. Those who have been through long concerts of unweeded Vivaldi, and therefore remain sceptical, should listen to the last movement of the *Concerto alla rustica* on this Philips record, to the whole of the C minor concerto for strings and continuo, and to the A minor concerto with two solo violins. All of them are superbly played by I Musici, an ensemble of eleven virtuosi who achieve a perfect beauty of texture and at times a tremendous onslaught that one would hardly have thought possible from a handful of strings. This is something not to be missed.

Another quite exceptional record is that of Mozart's E flat piano concerto, K.482, with Rudolf Serkin as soloist and Casals conducting. Here again there are no half-measures. Georges Enesco always read Mozart's instrumental works in the light of his operas, as he read Bach in the light of his organ pieces; and Casals, too, seems to plunge into the opening tutti as though the curtain were going to rise in a few moments. The playing has an operatic eventfulness which makes a glorious change from the usual polite introduction; for once the pianist is put on his mettle, instead of longing for the moment when he can show that Mozart was what Gounod said he was: a composer who wrote many things that one would not like to meet round the corner on a dark night. Or if it was not Gounod, it was certainly a man of great perception. And what a wonderful work this is! The C minor slow movement is rightly regarded as one of the profoundest pieces Mozart ever wrote; but the opening *Allegro* is also unique, and very difficult for the pianist because it contains large expanses of decoration which must not be allowed to sound empty or incidental. Rudolf Serkin executes all this tracery with perfect judgment; his playing is neither pretty nor brilliant nor academic nor idealistic nor precious nor deep nor philosophical. He adopts a rich yet intimate style, and shows off only in the cadenzas – which, whoever wrote them, are among the best I have heard for a long time. Philips again; the recording is not so superb as the Vivaldi, but quite adequate.

Meanwhile Supraphon continue to promote the cause of Czech music. The latest addition to their catalogue is Smetana's comic opera, *The Secret*. It has a rather uneven libretto, and not all of the music is memorable. But there are dramatic possibilities in the enmity of those village Montagues and Capulets, the Kalinas and Malinas; in the secret which is passed on with solemn promises of further secrecy, until it is shouted confidentially from the church tower; and in the love of Vit (Kalina) and Blazenka (Malina), which eventually reconciles the two sides and brings everything to a happy end. Smetana has written delightful music for all these situations. He uses far less instrumental colour than Dvorak in *The Devil and Kate*, for example; the surface is altogether less lively. But the chief characters stand out clearly, and the romance of Vit and Blazenka has inspired some passages of great tenderness. Curiously enough, they remind me a little of the music for Anne and Fenton in Verdi's *Falstaff*.

I have only one criticism to make. The opera lasts no more than an hour and three-quarters, but is spread over three LPs. This seems to me an imposition, and I mention it because the Supraphon recording of *The Devil and Kate* was equally ungenerous. In the present case there would be no difficulty whatever in getting the second act onto two sides instead of three, and so reducing the cost by a pound. Otherwise this is a welcome issue. Most of the principal parts are well sung, with Stepanka Stepanova outstanding as Rose Malina; and chorus and orchestra are excellent.

WILLIAM GLOCK

You, Too, Can Enjoy This

IN some ways I am, naturally, reluctant to persuade any busy or creative person to join the Great Majority. (Edward Young's fine phrase no longer refers to the dead: it means those who have television in their homes – now some 25 million, or two-thirds of the adult population of Britain.) Nevertheless, those who 'never watch television' are not only a rapidly dwindling minority: even the most intelligent of them are missing some experiences which they could hardly fail to find satisfying. It is not merely the silly girl on the bus with her 'did you see Frankie last night – wasn't he *lovely*?' It is people of educated and critical judgment who talk about *Small World* – especially the second part of the extraordinarily volatile Beecham-Callas-Borge conversation – or about 'that Birkett interview', which I have heard a number of people not given to hyperbole describe as the best television they have ever seen.

As everybody knows by now, Ed Murrow and Fred W. Friendly have been organising these curious four-cornered, long-distance exchanges for some time. Sir Thomas, for instance, was speaking from Nice, Mme Callas from Milan, Victor Borge from his Connecticut farm; while Mr Murrow himself chipped in when necessary, to steer or to register with delight his inability to steer such unsteerables as Sir Thomas and Mme C. The technical problems must have been considerable: those taking part, we are told, were 'recorded by synchronous cameras at each loca-

Tuesday 17th February

ITV 8-30 p.m.

*

The Garden of Loneliness

by Gerhart Hauptmann

The Garden of Loneliness was recently produced with success at the Arts Theatre. It is set in the early eighteen-nineties, at a country-house near Berlin. It gives a striking picture of the Germany of those days; and it has as its hero a young man whose character and whose problems have remarkable parallels with the present day. John Vockerath, a young scientist in revolt against the society he lives in, is torn between his love for his beautiful, patient and conventional wife Kitty, and his comradeship with a remarkable and brilliant "New Woman", Anna Mahr.

Friday 27th February

ITV 9 p.m.

*

A Memory of Two Mondays

by Arthur Miller

Miller says of this play: it is a pathetic comedy; a boy works among people for a couple of years, shares their troubles, their victories, their hopes, and when it is time for him to be on his way he expects some memorable moment, some sign from them that he has touched them and been touched by them. They barely note his departure. I wrote it, I suppose, in part out of a desire to relive a sort of reality where necessity was open and bare; I hoped to define for myself the value of hope, why it must arise, as well as the heroism of those who know, at least, how to endure its absence.

presented by **GRANADA TV NETWORK**

tion'. But this was not, after all, gimmickry for its own sake: it would be extremely difficult to bring together in one place these or other of Mr Murrow's top people. In any case, the experiment has abundantly justified itself. Callas, whom those who knew her only from the newspaper stories of tantrums and lawsuits may have thought a tiresome figure, came through as a radiant beauty, of controlled power and the most delicate sensibility: all must be forgiven such a woman. Her magic worked fast on Sir Thomas, who had been roaring at Mr Murrow so explosively that even he looked slightly nervous. (M: 'Sir Thomas, why are there so few English-language operas?' Sir T: 'Because there are so few English operas.' M: 'Why . . .?' Sir T, patience wearing thin: 'Because there are so few people to write them, sir'.) The hapless Mr Borge, too, had been ill-advised enough to suggest that the music was the thing, that it didn't make much difference what language the words were sung in. Sir Thomas fairly bellowed: 'It makes all the difference in the world, sir, and if you think differently you are no musician'. Callas intervened gracefully to support Sir Thomas. He softened and almost chortled: 'I've not heard so much sense for about fifty years.'

In the next of these conversations, this weekend, Mr Murrow will be talking with Lord Attlee and Mr Truman. I am not sure that 10.5 p.m. on a Saturday is the right time: the BBC might have spared a mid-week peak hour.

As for the Birkett interview: it has been so widely praised already that I need only briefly note its excellence, in its kind, as a work of art – its perfect blending of graphic (the Topolski drawings) and photographic (the most luminous close-ups of the shrewd benign old face, the cameras exploring its planes as subtly as John Freeman's interrogation explored the well-guarded, yet cautiously revealed, recesses of the formidable mind). Many viewers must have felt like a coach-party visiting Chatsworth who suddenly realise that they are being shown round by the Duke in person.

Those who are not yet viewers must not, however, expect that all television programmes are of this quality; the distance between the best and the worst is at least as great as in any other medium of communication. I cannot understand why the BBC (responsible for these examples of the best) also shows so indiscriminately some imported American films of the kind least suitable for British audiences. If the latest Bob Hope show was one item in a package deal (the only conceivable explanation for its import), it would have been better to drop it; for it was merely the repetitive record, six weeks stale, of a Christmas visit by Mr Hope and other entertainers to American forces at various overseas stations. ('Outposts of democracy,' they were called: thanks.) Mr Hope had a curious gag about the singer Jerry Lee Lewis, whose visit to England some months ago was curtailed when it was learned that the wife who accompanied him was only 13 years old. (But the hit-parade indicates that one of his discs is being bought in large numbers by the British public, who are shocked easily, but not for long.) A sailor shouted: 'What's the latest on Jerry Lee Lewis?' Mr Hope: 'He's just become a father . . . He adopted his wife'.

The worst play I have seen lately on either channel was ITV's *Rock-a-bye Barnie*, which wasted what is obviously a good idea for a modern satirical play – the artificial creation of a rock-singing idol. At the end there was an unusual announcement – an apology 'for any inadequacies . . ., which were caused by an unofficial withdrawal of labour'. Believe me, they were not: they were caused primarily by the play's failure to go into its subject in any depth and by its absurd circumstantial improbabilities. As usual, the newspapers used in it looked totally unconvincing.

I was perhaps [see Correspondence] unfair last week in rebuking Derek Hart for 'gilding the pill'. A reputable Harrogate chemist assures me that there *are* gilded pills: 'usually they are prescribed by a doctor for the type of patient (private, not NHS) who assumes that gold is in itself a virtue.'

TOM DRIBERG

Musical, New-Old Style

NOTHING more sumptuous, elegant, witty, well-mannered, in the way of a musical, has come to us for so long that *Gigi* (Empire) must bring the rave in us tumbling out. Story by Colette, direction by Vincente Minelli, costumes and decor by Cecil Beaton, screenplay and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, tunes by Frederick Loewe: notable, I think, in that order. The MGM law that everything in the end comes down to a musical has been justified here by starting high enough: why not, on this principle, *A Hero of Our Times* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*? At any rate, here the high plums pay off.

Not that, in Colette's tale, there's much that hasn't already been pillaged or paralleled. The young girl (in Paris, of course), ferociously groomed to Love, made its most recent appearance in Duvivier's *A House of Women*, supposedly out of Zola. Gigi herself is a schoolgirl in check skirt, with all the charm and animal spirits Leslie Caron can give her – and that's chocolate-boxes full! Enchanting she is; and that, with a musical, is halfway there. The other half is the bored, rich, dallying but uncatchable Louis Jourdan: a bit too bored; life with him could be boring, too. However, he's amused to visit his poor relatives, of whom Gigi is one, and Gigi is madly in love with him. Gigi must, and does, bewitch us: hardly at all, be it noted, with the songs she sings, but with her own wayward vitality, and with the repressive wit in others. Her 'education' is funny; she is touching.

Those who teach her the rules of what might be called mistressmanship are her aunt (Isabel Jeans), a superb old summit tart, and on a lower and less convinced level her mother (Hermione Gingold), who wavers between affection and worldliness. Needless to say, they couldn't be better. So long as our enchantment, our irresistible Gigi, is there.

And so long also as a sort of Uncle of everyone concerned and of the film and the audience – Maurice Chevalier – is there too. He starts talking straight into the camera, in the Bois, talking about fashion and life and little girls who will soon be bigger; and not only is there no offence in it, there's laughter and delight, too. The carriages roll by; M. Chevalier raises his hat, turns to wink at *us*; when his nephew is bored, he lilts and smiles; and towards the end he brings down the house (yes, actually clapping in the cinema!) with 'I'm So Glad I'm Not Young Any More'. This is the only song that really gets its audience; and now, six days later, all I remember is Chevalier, with the smile that seems automatic and yet isn't, that can change to sadness, and agelessly appeal. *Gigi* is his triumph – despite the fact that he's kept away for long stretches – almost more than Gigi's. How old is he? I couldn't help thinking, in front of that close-up face now exerting its strongest appeal, of Chaplin with the frozen mug in *A King in New York*. Terrible thought: does musical comedy reward its votaries with youth everlasting? At all events, that great moment here is Chevalier's.

The music, for a film so appetising, goes in, pleasantly enough, at one ear and comes out at the other. Beaton's gorgeous rooms and dresses, the aunt's bedroom, the entries into Maxim's with everyone rising scandalously intent, remain vivid. I suppose that's more than is needed in a musical that should sweep us away and leave us no more affected than if we'd swallowed a meringue. The bit extra makes up for that boredom of the bored rich lover and the unmemorable tunes and the too many 'Pareeshuns'.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Ciné-Ballets de Paris

In every French ballet with the slightest pretentions to contemporary idioms there is a standard movement. The more often it is repeated the more contemporary we know the company to be. A girl must lie on her back or tummy, stand on her head or be held in the air: anyhow, so that her legs, preferably encased in black tights, are free. She then stretches out these legs, like a pair of elegant scissors opened to their fullest, and suddenly snaps up the nearest male with a pincer action. She may get his neck, his bottom or his ankles; she may mean she loves him, detests him, or just does not care; but this action has now almost acquired the formality of a *glissade* or a *bourrée*. In *Ciné-Ballets de Paris*, written and directed by Louis Cuny, and shown at the French Institute, there is a lot of this female scissor work during a sequence of six little ballets. It is not only that the ballets are limited in expression by their choreography, but, it seems to me, M. Cuny has failed to get the best out of his cameras. The film could be such a lively medium for fantasy and pattern. But to appreciate these in dancing there must be movement in space. In this film the screen is too cluttered with limbs, there is not enough room or air around the dancers in which to understand the rhythm of their gestures. It is a small company with handsome, lively boys and girls, and Maurice Béjart dancing superbly in a ghoulish, lone-young-man number.

A. F.

Correspondence

SHALL WE HELP MR GAITSKELL?

SIR,—I was so stimulated and encouraged by the essays of the new generation of Socialist intellectuals in *Conviction* that I hope the two of them who have so far contributed to your pre-election articles on helping the Labour Party will forgive me a mildly critical note. It may seem the height of temerity for a member of that lost middle generation, which helped bring Labour to victory in 1945 but which bears such a heavy responsibility for the sequel, to criticise at all. For our withdrawal first from the main Movement into the blind alley of self-righteous adherence to the narrow CP line, and then when that failed for our despair, we have much to answer. But if we learnt or should have learnt one thing it is that the Labour movement—comprising the divisional parties, the trade unions, the Fabians, WEA, NCLC, LRD and SMA all and even the CP itself, however badly misled—is a much bigger thing than ourselves as individuals or as sects.

The question cannot be 'Should we help Mr Gaitskell?' or even 'How can Mr Gaitskell help us?' It must be 'How can we help the advance of the Labour movement?' For the Labour movement is nothing less than that great historical movement of working-class militants and intellectual radicals which has for 150 years and more had as its aim to lift man from the degradation and dispossession of capitalism into a richer and fuller humanity.

The present Labour leaders and policies reflect pretty accurately the present stage of development of the Movement. Paul Johnson's criticisms and Nigel Calder's ideas, with all of which I agree, will cut no ice coming from intellectuals unless we root ourselves deeply in the movement. So I would not support Peter Cadogan's rebellion. That way we

WE WANT AN ANSWER

ITV EVERY FRIDAY

6.40 pm

Friday 13 February

The Rt. Hon. **EARL ATTLEE** K.G., O.M., C.H.

Labour Prime Minister 1945-51

Friday 20 February

The Rt. Hon. **VISCOUNT HAILSHAM** Q.C.

Lord President of the Council

Chairman of the Conservative and Unionist

Party Organisation

GRANADA TV NETWORK

BERTRAND RUSSELL, O.M.

and

LORD HAILSHAM

on

NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

in

'RIGHT TO REPLY'

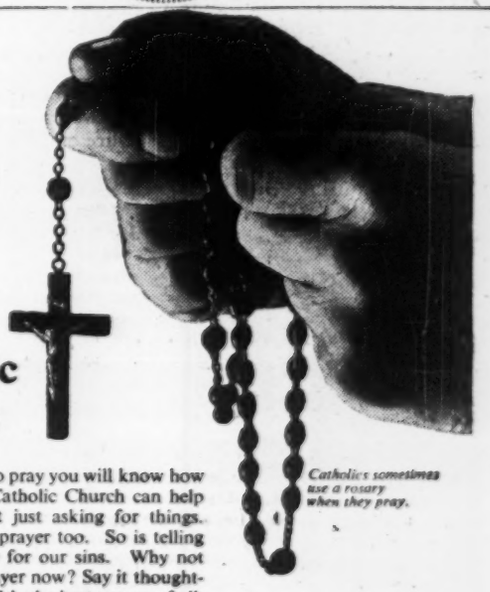
introduced by

William Clark

MONDAY, FEB. 16th, AT 6.40 P.M.

ATV

The Truth about the Catholic Church



Catholics sometimes use a rosary when they pray.

If you have tried to pray you will know how hard it is. The Catholic Church can help you. Prayer isn't just asking for things. Thanking God is prayer too. So is telling Him we are sorry for our sins. Why not say the Lord's Prayer now? Say it thoughtfully and slowly. It's the best prayer of all. If you would like to know more about the Catholic Church, the Catholic Enquiry Centre will gladly send you a Free Course of Leaflets. Write now.

FREE AND IN CONFIDENCE *Please send me your brochure in plain sealed envelope. I give you my name and address in confidence. I accept your guarantee that no representative of yours will call on me.*

MR./MRS./MISS _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ N.S. 31/1

CATHOLIC ENQUIRY CENTRE, Hampstead, London, N.W.3

should only cut off the militants from the main army. We have to win understanding and belief in the basic premise of the Labour movement, in the sense I have suggested, among a whole new generation of workers, technicians, teachers, scientists, etc. If Nigel Calder could only begin to bring some proportion of his scientific and technological colleagues into the movement, he would get what he wants. I would hazard a guess that scientists and technicians are the least well represented of any trade or profession in local Labour parties, certainly less well represented than doctors, nurses or teachers.

Any Labour programme of immediate measures is a self-contradictory mixture of paternalistic welfare state reforms and the revolutionary Socialist aims of the movement. Examples of the first are the pensions scheme and municipalised housing; the second includes steel nationalisation, the capital gains tax, one per cent. aid to underdeveloped lands and the threat to take over any industry 'that is not serving the nation well'. On these policies alone we have a huge task even to win real understanding and conviction on detail among Labour Party members and supporters, let alone among the rest of the population. Yet, if we could but do this, we should be well on the way to Paul Johnson's radical transformation of society; for we should have established in fact as well as in theory that the social services are something to be proud of, worth paying taxes for—and paying gladly as we pay for private purchases—and that the social sector of the economy is as exciting and progressive and efficient as the private sector and a lot more humane and democratic.

It may well prove necessary, to ensure that the nation is being well served, to extend the social sector immediately to include those industries which make money out of the nationalised services—not only steel but, for example, arms, drugs, building materials, aircraft, locomotives, where very high profits are being made in what is in fact a risk-free, state guaranteed market. The empirical approach, even, of fact finding and establishing the case, is not only very English but may also be the most effective in a situation where nationalisation and state control have become dirty words which have to be rehabilitated. This is only one example of what might be done under a Labour government to make Socialism once more a popular concept.

What matters is conviction and devotion to the movement. I do not believe that Socialist intellectuals lack ideas; what so many lack is contact with the wide Labour movement. The forthcoming election provides the opportunity to re-establish that contact.

MICHAEL BARRATT BROWN

'The Live & Let Live'
Dedham, Essex

SIR,—*The Future Labour Offers You* is out of this world. For Labour seems hardly less likely to avoid nuclear holocaust than the Conservatives. So long as we are committed to the 'nuclear deterrent', and are confined, as Paul Johnson puts it, in 'the strait-jacket of the American alliance' we are unlikely to prove an effective intermediary between the two power blocks.

In certain spheres Labour policy may be much better than Conservative—for instance, in colonial affairs. But if nuclear war broke out it might well be the end of the colonies. And so everything possible must be done to persuade Labour to change its policy on nuclear weapons.

How can pressure best be brought to bear on the Labour Party policy-makers? In Peter Cadogan's opinion 'there is nothing for it but rebellion'. Surely he is right? Unless there is rebellion there seems little hope of Labour's ever adopting a policy of unilateral nuclear disarmament—a policy which, as Paul Johnson points out, would be likely to invoke 'savage economic reprisals by our Atlantic allies': a consequence the Labour Party Executive, as at present constituted, seems unlikely to consider facing, unless put under considerable pressure to do so. The question is: how best can pressures be brought to bear? What form should the rebellion take?

It seems essential that on a matter of such overriding importance as nuclear disarmament party loyalty *per se* should be set aside. The nuclear disarmers in the Labour Party (which, for all its present policy, is surely the only party likely eventually to get rid of these weapons) must show that they mean business. It must be demonstrated to the Executive that there are numerous members of the party determined to get its nuclear weapons policy changed. And there seems only one effective way in which this can be done: by members of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament refusing to vote for any candidate who will not take a genuine stand on this matter—voting against the party whips if need be. MPs who believe in nuclear disarmament could show this plainly by voting against the defence estimates in a few weeks' time.

Vote-withholding on a large scale might reduce the chances of Labour's being returned at the election. But unless Labour voters make it plain that when they say nuclear disarmament they mean it, it is impossible to see how any effective pressures can be brought to bear on the party. It is essential to demonstrate to the Labour Party that, in the long run, it is going to lose the allegiance of many potential voters unless it decides to get rid of these weapons. They are, surely, a denial of all that Socialism is supposed to stand for.

APRIL CARTER MICHAEL RANDLE
PAT ARROWSMITH
The Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War
344 Seven Sisters Road, N4

BIOLOGICAL WARFARE

SIR,—Those who rightly object to biological warfare should hesitate before responding to Mr Austin Underwood's misleading appeal in your issue of 7 February. The following facts may help them to appreciate the situation:

1. The Microbiological Research Establishment at Porton was set up to find out the best methods of defending the community against the real threat of biological warfare, not to enable this country to use this weapon.

2. Any government that had failed to take this essential step would have been culpably negligent; as much so as if it had failed to protect the nation against air raids with conventional high explosives.

3. Just as Porton does, institutes engaged in ordinary medical research and the production of antitoxins, vaccines and other protective agents, also prepare gallons of lethal toxins, bacteria and viruses in the course of their studies of infective processes and the preparation of therapeutic substances. Porton's activities are no more 'diabolical' than these and they do not produce these substances 'for use in biological warfare'.

4. It is not suggested that all these institutes should be closed because they are a threat to the safety of the communities in their neighbourhoods. The rural district of Amesbury is not exposed to any threat that does not apply to all these other neighbourhoods, and this district benefits like the rest from the discoveries that have revolutionised medicine during the past 50 years.

5. 'The animal Belsen' at Porton to which Mr Underwood refers in his emotional phrase, is under precisely the same control exercised by the Home Office under the act controlling the use of experimental animals as that protecting these animals in all medical and biological institutes.

6. Defence against biological warfare is now a very small part of the invaluable fundamental work on general microbiology and epidemiology carried on at Porton. This work has many applications in the field of preventive medicine. A glance at the titles of the considerable list of papers freely published by that establishment, and available in any medical or scientific library, should carry conviction on that point. It is, nevertheless, still a part of the defence equipment of this country available in case of need. Research on defence against enemy attack has never been in the province of either the Ministry of Health or Medical Research Council. The Microbiological Research Establishment at Porton has, however, always been willing to collaborate wholeheartedly with these bodies and other medical research institutions in many fields of preventive medicine.

7. The workers at Porton cannot defend themselves in the press. It is therefore essential that an independent person with some knowledge of the humane and important work being done there should correct the insinuations in Mr Underwood's letter.

DOUGLAS MCCLEAN

Babley Willow
near South Mimms
Barnet

SOUTH AFRICAN DEMOCRATS

SIR,—The majority of organised African workers are affiliated to the South African Congress of Trade Unions, the only trade union co-ordinating body without a colour bar—the one organisation truly representative of African workers. Recently the Congress started a nation-wide campaign for a national legal minimum wage of £1 a day. The campaign has received considerable support from many quarters and also from a number of more progressive employers. Some groups of workers have already received increases in wages, and all over the country African workers are turning to the trade union movement for relief. Lack of financial means handicaps the work of the Congress.

We feel certain that, when African workers are organised in effective trade unions, an entirely new situation will emerge in South Africa. The division between black and white workers will be eliminated; for, whilst many white workers are racialistic and lack basic trade union principles, they respect trade union power and will be forced by the logic of events to seek the co-operation of a strong African trade union movement. More important, a powerful African trade union movement will be in a position to exert pressure upon the Nationalist government, compel it to repeal existing oppressive laws and stop the passing of new ones.

What African workers lack immediately to enable them to become a real force is finance: they need money for offices, equipment, hire of halls, publications, secretaries and field organisers. SACTU has a group of reliable, competent, devoted trade

Manners makyth Walrus

'A loaf of bread', the walrus said,
'Is what we chiefly need'

OH, wisest among walruses! A Daniel come to dinner! True, the carrolling walrus dines upon his guests. But then he doesn't profess to be a gentleman. Walruses will be walruses. And if his table manners are poor, his table talk is compensatingly rich and relevant. For a loaf of bread is what we chiefly need. All of us.

Nutritional wallahs agree with the walrus. In the average diet, bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more iron, and more of the two important vitamins B_1 and niacin, than any other single food. To put recent report findings* in a bread crumb, bread's good for you. Very good indeed.

Account for it? Easily. Bread is the cheapest basic food you can get. Yet it's the best in terms of food value per penny. So see your family enjoys plenty every day, bread at its best, good and fresh.

**National Food Survey Committee Report, 1956 (Page 133) published by H.M.S.O.*
In 1956, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 24·7% of the energy; 26·5% of the protein; 26·9% of the Vitamin B_1; 24·2% of niacin; 23% of the iron.

Notes:—All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour: Vitamin B_1—not less than 0·24 milligrams; Niacin—not less than 1·60 milligrams; Iron—not less than 1·05 milligrams.

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU, 21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

union leaders, and the administration is conducted in a proper business-like manner.

Our association will be glad to receive donations for transmission to the South African Congress of Trade Unions and to supply any more detailed information which may be required. Donations may be sent to: The South African Freedom Association, 51 Deansway, N2.

GUY ROUTH
E. S. SACHS

STEEL QUIZ

SIR,—Commenting on the events of the past few days your London Diarist writes:—

Many (workers) may still wonder whether their views—or those of their wives or the reputed views of the people who live in the same house—may not in fact be passed on to their employers.

This is a piece of Victorian melodrama. It is not against their employers that the workers need protection. Even the NEW STATESMAN cannot be so far removed from reality as never to have heard of trades unions. The workers need protection against the Labour Party which, in the face of overwhelming evidence that a majority of its own supporters does not want any more nationalisation, nevertheless intends to impose it if returned to power. It is this utter disregard of the principles of democracy by a caucus of self-styled democrats that makes the intervention of non-political individuals like myself essential.

COLIN HURRY

33 Great Queen Street
WC2

THE CHANGING FACE OF AUSTRALIA

SIR,—I was most interested in your excellent article on Australia. As an Australian I found it a most accurate and unbiased account.

You justly criticise our treatment of the Aborigines, mentioning among other things their lack of citizenship rights. You admit that most Australians 'are frankly ashamed of their treatment of the Aborigines', but hardly mention the efforts being made to remedy the situation.

At the moment the Native Citizens Rights Bill is being debated in the Upper House of the Western Australian state parliament and, when the present recess is over, will probably be passed. It will give Aborigines full citizenship automatically when they reach the age of 21. Those over 21 will have to apply for citizenship as at present. As most of our Aborigines live in Western Australia this is really a great step forward. We are ashamed, but neglect is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

NOEL G. RYAN

297 Lonsdale Road
Barnes

SIR,—I congratulate Mr Kingsley Martin on an entertaining and, so far as my knowledge goes, fair account of Australia today, except for one thing.

He states that the Australian beer is the best in the world. To me, an Englishman, taught to appreciate good beer from the wood, it is an appalling concoction. Australians grow some of the best barley in the world; the Tasmanian hops are excellent. The materials, in fact, are first class, but then what do they do? They produce a pale liquid of fairly high alcoholic content, fill it with gas and put it in bottles—the ruination of any beer. Or even if they put it in casks, they add the fizz afterwards, from some sort of airline like you get in a garage. As if this wasn't bad enough, they ice it. Of course it's easy to drink on a hot day, but it feels like an ice brick for several hours in one's stomach, and distends you with wind. It's the one quarrel I have with the Australians.

J. O. CHERRINGTON

Tangley Farm
Near Andover
Hants

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

PUBLIC MEETINGS

CHELMSFORD
Shire Hall (Picture Room)
17th February 8 p.m.
SIDNEY B. OSBORN

KETTERING
Technical College Annexe, St. Marys Road
20th February 7.30 p.m.
DR. JOHN WESTON-WELLS

READING
Town Hall 20th February 7.30 p.m.
GEORGE DOUGHTY
JOHN HORNER
KINGSLEY MARTIN

LUTON
Community Centre Hall
21st February 7.30 p.m.
DIANA COLLINS
DR. ALEX COMFORT

Further particulars from
143 Fleet Street, E.C.4
FLEet Street 4175

"ARTIST, CRITIC & TEACHER" 2/6
John Berger, Lindsay Anderson, Brian Groombridge, Kenneth Tynan, Christopher Logue.

Also still available a few copies of our Whitsun Report, **"ART, SCIENCE & EDUCATION" 5/-**

Both illustrated. Both produced by John Morley.

Send to: Hans Lobstein, Secretary, JOINT COUNCIL FOR EDUCATION THROUGH ART, 12 The Green, Jordans, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

★ ★ ★ ★

COMING SOON: 8 Day Conference on The Visual Persuaders, Film and TV, in conjunction with British Film Institute at the National Film Theatre.

IF YOU ARE UNDER THIRTY

you have the opportunity of obtaining a grant from the F. C. C. Watts Memorial Fund administered by the Rationalist Press Association enabling you to attend, free of cost, the 4-day Annual Conference on "Humanism in Everyday Life" at Girton College, Cambridge, from Friday, August 7, to Tuesday, August 11. The grant will cover board, residence, admission to lectures, and any necessary travelling expenses up to £5. **All you have to do** is to write an essay of 1,500 to 2,000 words on

HUMANISM AND EVERYDAY PROBLEMS

and submit it for approval by May 31. Full particulars from Essays Officer, R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, London, W.C.2.

HEALTH HORIZON
a magazine for everyone
Winter 1959

FIRST AID FOR 'SHOCK'
THE MODERN HEARING AID
PROBLEMS OF DEAF ADOLESCENTS
CARE OF BABIES IN COLD WEATHER
MEDICAL SUPERVISION OF BUS DRIVERS

2/6 a copy or 10/- a year

TAVISTOCK HOUSE NORTH
TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

Send for this book

Worry and upsets between husbands and wives so frequently arise through lack of modern family planning. This useful book deals frankly with many of the questions which too often have to go unanswered. Written in an understanding and straightforward way, "PLANNED FAMILIES" can help to resolve one of the commonest and most serious problems in married life. Every married couple should have a copy. You can get yours now—*absolutely free.*

***FREE!* POST COUPON NOW**

To: Planned Families Publications, 12 Oval Road, London, N.W.1.

Please send me, under PLAIN COVER, a free copy of "Planned Families." I am an adult.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

..... 5/2/NN

MR GAITSKELL ON SPECULATION

SIR,—Owing to an error in deciphering a corrected proof, my article on Labour and Trade in last week's issue referred to 'stern warnings against *inflation* uttered recently by both Mr Gaitskell and Mr Wilson.' The word 'inflation' should have read 'speculation'.

T. BALOGH

Balliol College
Oxford

GILDING THE PILL

SIR,—In the last issue of the NEW STATESMAN Tom Driberg writes: 'Many misquoters gild the lily. It was left to Derek Hart to gild the pill'. While I am flattered to have been credited with 'the most indigestibly mixed metaphor I have heard in a BBC programme since . . .', there are others whose claims should surely be considered: Molière, for instance, wrote 'Le seigneur Jupiter sait dorer la pilule'. (*Amphitryon* Act 3, Scene 10). Perhaps that eminent physician, Thomas Fuller, had this in mind when he wrote 'If pills were pleasant they would not want gilding'. (*Gnomologia*, 1732); and W. S. Gilbert could surely feel that he had something to do with immortalising the metaphor: in Act I of *The Yeoman of the Guard* Jack Point sings:

> For he who'd make his fellow, fellow, fellow creatures wise
> Should always gild the philosophic pill.

DEREK HART

BBC Television
Lime Grove, W12

SIR,—Mr Driberg is a little harsh and hasty in his condemnation of Mr Derek Hart's 'most indigestibly mixed metaphor'. Webster's Vittoria says, 'I discern poison under your gilded pills'; and his Duchess of Malfi:

> Pray-thee, why dost thou wrap thy poisoned pills
> In Gold and Sugar?

A higher authority, Samuel Johnson, mournfully observes that 'Life is a pill which none of us can bear to swallow without gilding'.

GEORGE RYLANDS

King's College
Cambridge

DUTCH NEW GUINEA

SIR,—In your London Diary you take the *Daily Mail* to task for its report on Dutch New Guinea. You say that the origin of the report was the Dutch newspaper *De Telegraaf* and add: 'The *Mail* should have realised that the whole thing was a piece of Dutch propaganda'. I think what has really happened is that you have accepted Indonesian propaganda, for the line you take is exactly that put out by the Indonesian embassy in London.

The *Daily Mail*'s original information did not come from *De Telegraaf* or any other Dutch source, but from a highly responsible British quarter. The *Daily Mail* report that the Dutch had warned the British government of the danger of an invasion of Dutch New Guinea was correct. Also I am satisfied that the British government is seriously concerned about the danger.

To discover the position on the spot I sent a correspondent from Singapore to Sydney and thence to New Guinea. His report appears in the *Daily Mail* this week. I think you will agree that I would be unlikely to take this step on no better information than something which had appeared in a foreign newspaper.

ARTHUR WAREHAM
Editor
Daily Mail
Northcliffe House, EC4

[The original *Mail* story has not been substantiated by any reputable source—Dutch, British or Indonesian.—Ed., *NS*.]

THE JOHN GORDON BIOGRAPHY

SIR,—Let me be the first British publisher to offer a contract for Greene's biography of Gordon, or for that matter Gordon's biography of Greene. If these two gentlemen will visit my office next week, I will be happy to negotiate with them jointly and severally. The book should be called either *The Gay Gordon* or *How Greene Was My Ally*, I do not care which. Though I cannot claim to be the coming publisher of *Lolita*, I feel sure that I can deal agreeably with the Gordon-Greene partnership. I am not altogether without experience of running in the Old Bailey Stakes. I fully understand the two great principles in conflict in an obscenity trial, freedom of publication on the one hand, on the other public morality. The former means presumably that good writers should be free to publish pornographic literature whenever they feel like it; the latter ensures that hypocrisy is preserved and the public hindered from its favourite reading.

FREDRIC WARBURG,
Chairman

Martin Secker & Warburg Ltd
7 John Street, WC2

ROBERT GIBBINGS

SIR,—In a volume of Robert Gibbings's wood-engravings, to be published by J. M. Dent next autumn, I want to give details of collections of his work in public art galleries both in this country and abroad. I should be very glad to receive information on this point, and also to hear from anyone who can tell me of examples of his work as a sculptor.

PATIENCE EMPSON

Footbridge Cottage
Long Wittenham
Berks

HOLLAND
and back
and only 1 day away
from your business

TRAVEL OVERNIGHT VIA HARWICH AND HOOK OF HOLLAND

Liverpool Street depart 7-30 p.m.
arrive back 9-14 a.m.

- NO HOTEL BILLS
- SLEEP AS YOU TRAVEL
- REGULAR AND RELIABLE SERVICE

BRITISH RAILWAYS

12 Hours in AMSTERDAM
16 Hours in ROTTERDAM
14 Hours in THE HAGUE
14 Hours in UTRECHT

DENTURE WISDOM

THE WAY TO SELF-ASSURANCE

Follow the advice of your Dentist and you can be sure your dentures will remain comfortable and secure throughout each day.

Dentists recommend daily use of Corega—the so sure, so safe *vegetable fixative*. A sprinkle on your plate provides a strong suction bond which gives perfect adhesion, and makes your dentures feel actually a part of your mouth.

Get a tin from your chemist to-day; use it and see how self-assured you become as you talk, laugh and enjoy your meals.

For Denture Comfort, Use

COREGA

The fixative Dentists recommend

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Cobbett or His Horse

WHY not a new Cobbett? Any time since 1918 would have been propitious for the reincarnation – catastrophic war, social upheaval, ruin by taxation and inflation or unemployment for some, prosperity for 'new men'. In the Thirties, George Orwell had something of the accent; James Hanley's *Grey Children* and one or two other books on the condition of England had Cobbett-like material; but no one produced a travelling survey which could have been called (shall we say?) *Urban Rides*. The question is really foolish. Cobbett was a man of extraordinary character and great natural talent; like all great talents, unique. He was not like any other countryman, common soldier or political journalist of his time. He grew like some self-invented plant. It could have been mistaken for a turnip if we can imagine a turnip with the power of combat.

There is something disquieting about our cult of Cobbett during the last 40 years. The real Cobbett is in Hazlitt's brilliant portrait of him – where he contrasted him with Tom Paine – and in G. D. H. Cole's excellent *Life*. Cole's point was that –

> The history of William Cobbett is, in plain language, the spiritual history of the common people of his day – of their uprooting from the land of their fathers, of their un-ease and maladjustment under the new conditions thrust upon them by the torrential flow of economic revolution. It is a history not of ideas but of fact and feelings.

The cult – and it is based entirely on *Rural Rides* and *Cottage Economy* – leaves out the politics. There are editions of *Rural Rides* which, unlike the present one edited by E. W. Martin*, have cut out the politics in order to leave us with the pure countryman and nature-lover, the horse-rider earnest for arts, crafts, rurality and the open road. He has become the nobbly culture-hero of the nostalgia for country life and the daydream at the weekend, which are typical of our city civilisations. It is true that we are nature-lovers and that a good deal of the return to country life in England has struck root; but it is also marked by a sophistication which is alien to him. Many admirers of the *Rural Rides* seem to me to have confused Cobbett with the essentially suburban ideal they had really derived from Borrow: the ideal of the amateur traveller, the leisured 'gypsy' who saw 'life' on the open road as he dawdled with towny mind from one Edwardian inn to the next in the old days of the *bona fide* traveller, the shouting for good ale and romantically convincing himself that it was not ill-kept and sour. The sentimental admirers of *Rural Rides* really admire not Cobbett but his horse, and I think this explains why we have had no good travelling book about England since his time. The genre has dissolved into literary daydreams and in the facilities of travel.

The English journey as a subject is in full decadence and yet what form is more engaging and dramatic? A study of *Rural Rides* shows what the requirements of such a book are. Cobbett was a restless man; his mind travelled even when he sat still. He had travelled through society before he travelled through counties and countries, and he did not travel for adventure or for travelling's sake. He travelled to feed an appetite for contention. The journeys in *Rural Rides* were made in the course of his political agitations, the landscape comes in when he gets his breath back. He set off to see what was useful to him, to argue, harangue and lay about him. He knew in advance what he was going to find. One has the impression that he discovers nothing, but has gone to explain the place to itself out of his previous knowledge. He knows who the Lords of the Manor or the great landlords are; from what sinecures, grants, pensions or deals they got their property, what they have said in Parliament. Like every countryman, he is concerned with money in all its forms from capital to taxation, tithes, debts, down to wages. Men don't want tracts and speeches, but full bellies and their own fireside. A pig to him is what it will fetch; a field what it will grow. Commons, adored by the lovers of romantic scenery, are denounced as 'rascally' for their worthlessness. A beauty spot like Hindhead (of the later Meredithean poetic wanderer) is run by the devil. Occasionally he picks up a new piece of information and, if it is sound, he likes it; but the pleasure of reading him comes partly from the fact that he has been over the country dozens of times before and knows its people inside out.

On top of knowledge or foreknowledge, there is another requirement for the English journey. Cobbett is the voice of a situation. It is the situation of the ordinary man who is caught by forces which he sees and hates but does not know how to stem. Cobbett stood at that point where the old life of the country was being destroyed by the industrial revolution and he was caught in a contradiction. He saw the hunger and oppression of the country poor; he cried out that the Martello towers were not built to defeat the French, but to prevent the invasion of reform; but he was one of those who looked for the just society in the past and in the traditional system that was being destroyed, not in some painfully worked out and conjectural form in the future. He was a Radical who hated progress – or what was offered as such – and he was almost as sorry for ruined tyrants as he was for their victims. Such a man is a torment to his political friends. The city, the Wen, what he called 'the Thing' and its 'new men', the paper that devalued old wealth, the shop that replaced the market, were the enemies. It is the making of Cobbett that he was not an intellectual man, but one who kept to the facts and feelings he knew; for in this way he preserved his likeness to the countrymen he portrayed. Other men provided the ideas and would go on doing so; Cobbett preserved the native voice of Southern England, the muddled, indignant feeling in the chest. It was a voice not yet falsified or exploited by popular journalism. It is probable that a new English journey would have to be written by a political journalist, but Cobbett is there to remind him that he must speak in the voice of his own upbringing, that he must write English and not in the generalised clichés of the Press.

Cobbett was obstinately hostile to general education partly because it would assimilate one to the enemy's cause, partly because he had the countryman's suspicion of book-learning. His obstinacy has also something of the artist's. He himself was able to resist the self-taught man's dangerous drift into rambling and diffuse bookishness. He learned to write by studying Swift. He enjoyed Shakespeare and Milton as pleasurable evils. He read no more than was enough for his own purposes. He was almost as suspicious of literature as he was of Methodism, sermons and tracts. They suborned. There was nothing puritanical or boorish in this. His own sunny vitality, quickness of observation and fair nature led him to as much reflectiveness as an active man of genial instincts needs. He has the inner serenity of some difficult squire of the old school. And that brings one to the final requirement for the new English journey which no one can have for the asking: an unguarded character on a full scale.

Cobbett's character was egotistical and stubborn. The egotism is simple, innocent and irresistible. It has, as Hazlitt said, no affectation in it:

> He does not talk of himself for lack of something to write about, but because some circumstance that has happened to himself is the best possible illustration of the subject, and he is not the man to shrink from giving the best possible illustration of the subject from a squeamish delicacy. He likes both himself and his subject too well . . . there is very little vanity in it.

He liked to bluster. He was self-willed. He liked swiping down friends and enemies together. Hazlitt complained – and others have done so also – that when Cobbett had cleared the floor and had the ring to himself, he was so astonished that he ran out and left it when he should have stood.

Mr Martin takes up the question of the most serious of Cobbett's flights, in his very sympathetic introduction: the sudden departure to America in 1817 when he was faced by the probability of arrest for sedition. He was out of England at the time of Peterloo. He should have stayed. Had he stayed he might, Mr Martin says, have drawn to the side of reform those who were hesitant. Hazlitt thought that such flights were signs that Cobbett was good in attack but poor in defence. He offers examples of Cobbett becoming obliging when trounced. It is not an agreeable trait. Mr Martin has the interesting, but disheartening, suggestion that Cobbett's pugnacity was the effect of the insecurity and shame he had felt at the time when he was imprisoned in Newgate and lost his farm and his property. The blow was unforgettable because it struck at those roots which, to a countryman, were all his life. The moral is a sad one for it tells us that tyranny is effective and corrupts the victim. The interpretation gives a tragic touch to Cobbett's figure. It brings out,

* *Rural Rides*. By WILLIAM COBBETT. Edited, with an introduction, by E. W. MARTIN. Cartoons by GILLRAY. *Macdonald*. 12s. 6d.

Duckworth Books

"A masterpiece, and one should bluntly say so. . . . This is a beautifully got up book, the biography of the year in many ways, and it much honours English music criticism." PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE (*Time & Tide*).

PUCCINI

A Critical Biography by MOSCO CARNER

"I don't know of any better writing about music. . . . Any musician ought to read this book because its humane approach to technique will enhance his sensitivity to the way music works—not only Puccini's music, but also that of much greater composers." WILFRID MELLERS (*Spectator*)

"No study of Puccini has appeared in any language comparable to this for thoroughness and penetration, both musical and psychological. We no longer have any excuse for ignorance of Puccini's art or character." MARTIN COOPER (*Daily Telegraph*)

"It will become indispensable to the student of opera as an art form and not only of Puccini's works." SCOTT GODDARD (*Listener*)

xvi + 504 pp. 10 x 6¼ ins. 70*s*.

Prospectus available

3 Henrietta St. London W.C.2

World Marxist Review

Vol. 2 No. 2 February, 1959

The current issue is now available of this theoretical and information journal of the Communist and Workers' Parties, published in Prague, with an English edition published in London. Articles include:

On the Experience of the Class Struggle in Hungary —J. KADAR

On the Situation in Spain —A. ALVAREZ

Revisionism on the State and its Role in Building Socialism —V. KOUCKY

Price 2/6 (post 6d)

Subscriptions: 6 months 15s; 12 months 30s

CENTRAL BOOKS
37 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1

more strongly than anything else, the fact that he was in person the very symbol of the doomed old rural order, as well as the victim of that incredible tyranny which fear of the French Revolution had established in England. Cobbett had taken punishment. It is out of no history of abstract speculation that the cheerful, terse and scornful pages of the *Rural Rides* are born. They are the work of a very full and very battered man. His politics are an expression of pain. What lasted, as Cole says in his *Life*, and was effective, was the voice itself: the voice of the working man raised for the first time in an accent that was to become familiar and powerful in a world which Cobbett himself would have detested. It is good to have Gillray's cartoons from the original edition; they draw out splendidly the surly, burly homely taker-on of all comers.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Tinker

Proud as any Paleologue,
Whose frying pans his forbears
Were allowed to patch,
This rogue stares

Full at my eyes, aloof, in scorn.
Rags and rain catch
In the hedge: proof that his breed
Despise and hate

Chair or plate or chimney cowl,
But need to share some narrow
Edge with slug and beetle,
Thorn and frog.

His blunt faced women, heavy shawled
And still as stones, gaze
At their whippet bitch that's trembling,
Near. Why then

Has fear crawled up my bones, until
He turns his back to crack
Twigs and set the sopping
Ditch ablaze?

SHEILA WINGFIELD

Success Story

The Age of Improvement (History of England: Vol. VIII). By ASA BRIGGS. *Longmans*. 35*s*.

Nobody would nowadays define history as 'past politics', but those in search of a suggestive half-truth might well consider calling it 'present politics'. Every historian except the most self-denying textual scholar or antiquarian is always trying to get to grips with his own times in terms of the past; or at least with the past in terms of his own experience. If the pre-war generations had not asked the question: 'What went wrong to produce the era of war and slump?', it is unlikely that economic historians would, *en masse*, have discovered and analysed a 'crisis of feudalism' in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. If we had not lived through a total war effort, our view of the Jacobin regime of 1793-4 would be very different from what it is today. What makes Namier's George III so different from the old Whigs' is not the eighteenth century but the mid-twentieth.

For obvious reasons the historians of nineteenth-century Britain have concealed their contemporary preoccupations less than those of remoter periods, though it is doubtful whether they are more marked than among historians of ancient Rome, who have only too often, like Jacobins, fought out modern political battles dressed in togas. At the most naive level, the temptation to compare ourselves to the snapshots in the old family album is irresistible. How different from us Miss Beale and Miss Buss! Whether we lampoon them, or are horrified by them, or envy them a lost confidence and supremacy, or comfort ourselves with the thought that they, too, had doubts, is a matter of contemporary fashion. The present one, alas, is for admiration rather than revulsion. At a more sophisticated level, we review them in the light of what we know about our own society. *The Age of Improvement* (why can't the title-page say that it deals with the period 1780-1867?) devotes several pages to changes in the Victorian civil service, while the *Oxford History* in 1938 gave them one paragraph, because we know in 1959, though we ought also to have known in 1938, that the student of society neglects administration at his peril.

Here lies the strength of Asa Briggs's book. It is written by a man who not only lives chronologically in the mid-twentieth century, but has accepted the fact. Moreover, he lacks that strong Oxbridge-Westminster-country-house bias which has so long bedevilled the history of the period. It is not every historian who quotes the *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent* almost as often as *The Times*. And not every historian will observe *casually* that economics is for us the synthesising element in society, or that the rise of a new class structure and class consciousness is one of the commanding themes of the period. The point is not that Mr Briggs uses such concepts, but that he uses them neither for badges, manifestos nor polemics. He takes such things for granted, as he takes for granted that there is only one history of England and not a basic course of political and party history with a few small side-dishes on social conditions, literature, the arts, etc. These assumptions complicate the work of the historian. It is a great deal easier to write a lucid chronological narrative on traditional lines than to express the movement of an entire society, and the sheer technical difficulty of his task has sometimes been too much for the author here. He is best at those moments when the guide stops walking briskly and makes a *tour d'horizon*: in the 1780s, in mid-Victorian times. The argument sometimes gets blurred (and, incidentally, Mr Briggs's own numerous original ideas and contributions a little lost in the mass of condensing). Things get left out, notably, and regrettably, science. (There is no mention of Priestley, Dalton, Faraday, Thomson or Clerk-Maxwell.)

Such deficiencies, which the casual looker-up and the routine examinee may deplore, should not detract attention from the impressive achievements of this book. Mr Briggs has surveyed all English society: not only Jane Austen but the St Monday of the new operatives; not only the Steam Intellect Society, but the nostalgia of displaced migrants; not only Lord Cardigan, but Samuel Smiles and G. J. Holyoake. Though the lines of his general argument are not as clear as they might be, he really says a disproportionately large number of intelligent and often new and revealing things for any single book. Since it will be standard equipment in schools and universities, we may take it that Briggsian points of view will soon be widely diffused, and a good thing too.

The book's weakness lies in its title: in the words 'England' and 'Improvement'. It is regret-

table, though it may not matter much, that the self-contained Welsh are left out; but how explain the astonishing domination of England by emigrant Scottish men and ideas if we are told nothing about Scotland? (And anyway, ought we not to *know* about Scotland and Wales?) And the absence of Ireland is as crippling as that of Algeria would be from a history of contemporary France. Ireland was the ghost in the machine, the nightmare by the bedside, the producer of periodic political crisis, for the Union had inserted it deeply into the flank of parliamentary politics, mass emigration into that of popular movements. Ireland was where mass revolution was endemic, where the issues of power stood out, time and again, jagged as cliffs. Above all, Ireland was where Improvement and liberalism did not work. It is a standing and salutary reminder to the historian that things might have worked out differently.

Of course in Britain there *was* improvement in every measurable material sense, at least in the long run, and Mr Briggs is right to haul up the mud-spattered flag of progress. Of course the social system adjusted itself with remarkable ease and smoothness. There was no revolution, and no chance of one except perhaps for a few weeks in 1831. And yet, the smooth facade of the 'age of improvement' risks obscuring the nature of the problems which British capitalism faced, the oddness and uniqueness of their solution, the temporariness of the conditions which allowed them to be solved, behind the fact that they were solved. Consider the building of the railways. It was magnificent, but is also an unexpected and historically by no means inevitable way out of a period of crisis and depression in the 1830s, whose problems we tend to underrate, simply because they were overcome. (The wild desperation not only of workers, but of businessmen in 1841-2 should warn us against such retrospective complacency). More than this. The railways solved a crucial problem of economic growth: how, under private enterprise and in times of peace, to provide the impetus for a sufficiently massive capital goods industry. (One of the most cogent arguments for socialism in undeveloped countries today is precisely the improbability that businessmen in search of maximum profits will build a sufficiently large iron and steel industry by themselves). Britain solved this problem, and incidentally made its solution easier for the rest. The results of this success were – or so it may be argued – the prosperity of the mid-Victorian decades and the reinforcement of British supremacy: in 1820 we produced perhaps 40 per cent of world iron output, in 1860 more than the rest of the world put together. But why did railway building become a mania in the 1840s? (Why, if at all, not earlier or later?) Why did not speculation and capital find other and equally plausible, though less fruitful outlets? Again, how much of Britain's political calm was due to the fortunate difference between the industrial pulse-beat of English history, which produced its worst depression in 1842, and the agrarian pulse-beat of the revolutionary continent, which produced its worst crisis in 1847-8, when we were already out of the worst period? How much of British supremacy – more, I think, than Mr Briggs allows – was due to the wars of 1793-1815, which increased British trade from a magnitude of the same order as that of the French, the German states and Spain to a figure almost as large as their combined total? In a word, to doubt the value of 'improvement' as a general label for this period is not to deny that Mr Briggs has a success story to tell, but to draw attention to the extremely peculiar nature of that success and the historic factors which made it possible.

It is one of the merits of this book that it makes one ask such questions, and no major criticism of it, that it does not answer them. We are only slowly coming to the point where we can see 1780-1867, the age of Britain's greatest power, opulence and squalor, with dispassion. We are still at the tasks of surveying it, and formulating questions about it. *The Age of Improvement* will henceforth make these tasks somewhat easier.

E. J. HOBSBAWM

Poet of San Francisco

In Defence of the Earth. By KENNETH REXROTH. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Congratulations to Messrs. Hutchinson for launching a new poetry series: further volumes by Christopher Logue, Laurence Lerner and Rex Taylor are announced. And Kenneth Rexroth, represented here by some of his recent poems, was a good enough choice to open the session, being neither old nor youthful, famous nor unknown. Perhaps that is not accurate, though; as the blurb reminds us, he has been identified (misleadingly, I think) as the chief spokesman for San Francisco's Beat generation; and his experiments in reading verse against a jazz background have brought him notoriety, at any rate in the United States.

How are we to characterise Mr Rexroth? One rough parallel is with Ernest Hemingway. Each is now the grizzling tough in middle age, with a personal code based on integrity, *plein air*, belligerence and an acute distaste for the educated bourgeoisie with their 'Brooks Brothers suit' culture. Each worries about dying, each harks back to the outdoor clarity of a Nick Adams boyhood. But Mr Rexroth has a more eclectic mind than Mr Hemingway, and at first sight contains more contradictions. There is a scalding radicalism in his poetry that we rarely find in Hemingway. His truculence is more direct and 'shocking':

> I belonged to the
> Saving group of exceptionalists
> Who, after dark, and on rainy days,
> Stole out and shit in the golf holes.

The worst of this side of him spills out in 'Thou Shalt Not Kill', a noisy, hectoring poem in memory of Dylan Thomas which wastes its force by scattering invective indiscriminately. The indignation is spoiled by self-righteousness and self-pity, though other poems have a nice jeering irony.

At the other extreme of Mr Rexroth's temperament are a delicacy, a bookish refinement that again have little counterpart in the work of Hemingway. He favours a little hopping line, even when he is hopping mad, which serves him very well in his renderings of Japanese poems and his adaptations of classical epigrams:

> All day I hoe weeds.
> All night I sleep.
> All night I hoe again
> In dreams the weeds of the day.

The total effect is miscellaneous, highly personal, by turns vehement and wistful. But the volume is not a failure, although none of the poems seems to me really fine. To explain this statement we must come back to San Francisco and its region. The elements in the situation include a shoddy Bohemia; a half-genuine, half-commercialised tincture of the Orient; a too-rapid spread of population and industry; and yet a city of rare felicities: the magnificent shock of the Pacific challenging the California coastline;

A Taste of Honey, Shelagh Delaney's very controversial play, is now in the West End. The script is available—the first book in a new series of paperbacks, *Methuen's Modern Plays*, in which the best of contemporary British and foreign drama will be represented. **3s 6d**

BRENDAN BEHAN **The Hostage**

'It shouts, sings, thunders and stamps with life', said Harold Hobson of last year's most discussed play. **10s 6d**

A DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF EUROPE *since the Congress of Vienna*

René Albrecht-Carrié's comprehensive and extremely readable study of the period 1815 to the present day: 'a notable achievement,' commented *The Times Literary Supplement.* **45s**

EGYPT IN TRANSITION

Jean and Simonne Lacouture 'A piece of star diplomatic reporting which not only studies the growth of modern Egypt synoptically but also gives an arresting picture of the confused and entangled influences, historical and geographical, which have gone to form the modern Egyptian psyche.'

LAWRENCE DURRELL, *Sunday Times* **Illustrated, 35s**

POLITICAL PARTIES

Second edition, revised, of **Maurice Duverger's** provocative book on the organization and activity of political parties in the modern state. **32s 6d**

METHUEN

the clean, extraordinary solitudes of California mountain country. It is an amalgam of camping, wine-drinking, hi-fi, Mort Sahl, sports cars, intellectualism, vulgarity. The sun is benign, the fog harmless, the night sky packed with stars, the day sky scored with fighter-trails. Physical well-being – sheer sensation, and a good thing too – combines with cynicism, guilt, the feeling that one cannot remember what yesterday was like and cannot be sure of tomorrow. Something of the mood has been evoked by Jack Kerouac. Mr Rexroth states it better, with intelligence, sensibility and considerable precision. The result is not great poetry – perhaps that is impossible in such muddled circumstances – but it is at least an honest and diversified guide to one of the most lovely, privileged, important and uneasy corners of our world.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

An American in India

The Heart of India. By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL. *Constable.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

For a country so vast and various, India seems to arouse in many people the most powerfully pettifogging emotions; even the quite dedicated strangers-in-India seem to spend an awful lot of energy in exasperation, contending with trifles in the midst of ageless and enormous things. This I personally know all too well, having gone there so often determined this time merely to analyse, to describe, marvel, assess, and condone, only to be driven into speechless tantrums by some strange perversity of the Indian character, or beguiled by a wholly irrelevant aspect of its charm.

Alexander Campbell has clearly experienced more than his share of these distractions; no Hinduphile he, as his own paper would say. Critical objectivity was obviously no easy matter for him, but he grits his teeth and achieves, with even a little sympathy leaking sometimes through his mordant observations. Mr Campbell ran the New Delhi bureau of *Time* magazine. 'At his New Delhi home,' says the jacket note, 'sacred cows browsed in the flowerbeds; snake-charmers with their cobras, fortune-tellers, and holy men with begging bowls crowded the veranda and pushed in on him. He could feel them at his shoulder as he worked.' (This colourful aspect of his professional life he must have kept concealed from the rest of us, who had long come to regard suburban New Delhi as a sort of great oriental Ealing, with all the mysterious glamour of W.13 on a sultry day).

Perhaps because of this agitated nature of his home-life, Mr Campbell travelled all over India, from Srinagar to Kerala and Calcutta to Bombay, which is no small haul, and in change of scene, climate, and custom the equivalent of covering Europe from Lapland to Sicily. These were working trips, a very different thing from sightseeing – particularly, no doubt, if you work for *Time* which exacts from its envoys an encyclopaedic wealth of minutiæ and clinical standards of detailed accuracy, for precisely what purpose no one has ever been sure; it is the considered belief of every *Time* man I ever met that Mr Luce's private office is lined from floor to ceiling with volumes of distinguished overmatter, cabled from all over the world at huge expense so that the management will know with exactitude what to leave out.

In time, then, Mr Campbell amassed a great deal of descriptive material, largely based on those long and intricate conversations that make political reporting in India at the same time so engrossing and fatiguing. His descriptions are beautifully observed, and recounted with a very proper determination not in any circumstances to be sidetracked into the remotest hint of romance – even, it sometimes seemed to me, to the length of avoiding it when it was legitimately there. He has a splendid ear for the dottier of dialogues, and his atmosphere is nostalgic indeed – astringent, not without a hint of patronage here and there, but very much drawn from life. Occasionally to be sure, Mr Campbell is a bit cavalier on detail in a most un-*Time*ly way; he was long enough in India to have learnt that the red kumkum spot on a woman's brow is not a caste-mark, and India did not become a Republic in 1947. But his characters are vividly in the round, and Mr Campbell pulls no punches on them. He has a splendid cynic whom he calls Jagan Durg, whom I am pretty sure I can identify, and through whom he channels much of what must be personal disillusion.

> When the British left India they had succeeded in irrigating seventy million acres of land – the largest irrigated area in the world and, I believe, three times larger than the irrigated area of the United States. Unfortunately, by putting an end to internal tumult and periodic civil war, they also succeeded in increasing the Indian population from a hundred to nearly four hundred million. Consequently the average yield per acre remains just what it was in Akbar's day, and the Indians are wretched and poor. That is what I mean when I say that India today is a looted dustbin.

Apart from a rather improbable Anglo-Indian, Mr Campbell's mentors and marionettes are lively fellows. For some reason the book's blurb announces them as though it were a circus programme. 'Village messiahs persecuting innocent peasants!' it proclaims, 'Uninformed intellectuals arguing about anything! Playboy sons of displaced aristocracy! Muslims, Sikhs, Hindus, Jains, and tribals!' and the rest. This stupid catalogue is not at all fair to Mr Campbell, whose friends are much more originally defined, from the Government servant who triumphantly announced that 'Our depot will soon be capable of an annual turnover of 1,400 tons of official forms for carrying out the commitments of the Five Year Plan!' to the dedicated Bombay Communist who just could not bear Russians. All the inconsequential desperation is there of a great nation groping through its own frustrations. It is not quite the India I know, but I know it is there.

'It was to be,' said the bureaucrat,

> – we hope one day it will be – a decent country where decent people can live in decency and some dignity. In fact, what we got at first were bloodshed, massacres and anarchy. Gandhi, a saint, was assassinated, and we gave him the crowning mockery of a military funeral. Nehru inherited huge problems. . . However, we survived. Each year things get a little better. The problems are still huge, but the absurdities remain. They will probably remain for a long time. But we are a very old nation . . .

JAMES CAMERON

Beat from Poland

The Eighth Day of the Week. By MAREK HLASKO. *Allen & Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Here is a novel from Poland by a novelist in bad odour there, officially at any rate. Unofficially, it seems to be another matter: according to his English publishers, a recent public opinion poll in Warsaw showed him second only to Gomulka himself in popularity. *The Eighth Day of the Week* was a best-seller, won a literary prize, and was then suppressed. Last year Hlasko was denounced by *Literaturnaya Gazeta* as a 'decadent dabbler in literary carrion', this during his absence abroad in France, Italy and Germany. When, last October, the Polish authorities refused to extend his visa, he turned up at a refugee centre in West Berlin. After that, we enter the realm of conjecture. His German publishers have stated that he will not go back to Poland; Hlasko himself, now in Israel, is reported to have asked for permission to return home.

Inevitably, he is already being billed as a Polish Pasternak. This is nonsense. So far as his literary genealogy is concerned, Pasternak, 69 this year, is an old-fashioned Symbolist poet; Yeats, Joyce and Eliot are his cousins. But Hlasko is 25 and very much of his generation. As I read his powerful and bitter novel, which is rendered very largely in terms of sharply focused images of disgust, some recent words of Edmund Wilson's came into my mind. 'I was born,' the Sage of Talcottville told Mr Henry Brandon, of the *Sunday Times*,

> in the nineteenth century, and like most people born in the nineteenth century, I still have – entirely instinctively – the belief in human progress, the conviction that the world won't fall apart, the faith in the value of reform. But it is obvious that the people born later are now quite remote from this.

Elsewhere in his interview with Mr Brandon, Wilson refers to the 'anti-social writers' who are 'typical of the world in its present state'. He instances the Beats, our own Angries and, as the best of them all, Jean Genet. Hlasko, it seems to me, is their near relation.

This novel is a lyrical howl of disgust. The central character is a young woman Agnieszka saddled with impossible parents and in love with

CHATTO & WINDUS

John Vyvyan

THE SHAKESPEAREAN ETHIC

Robert Speaight
'I shall be very surprised if this book . . . does not become a classic of Shakespearean criticism ... fascinating thesis ... strikingly original.'

M. R. Ridley
'A keen and original critical mind . . . illuminating and thought-provoking . . . most refreshingly and valuably stimulating.' *18s net*

J. and E. Rosenberg

OUT BRIEF CANDLE

A most intelligent and brilliantly handled detective story, concerned with the death of a distinguished economist.

13s 6d net

THE HOGARTH PRESS

a young man named Pietrek. She spends the whole course of the novel in trying to find a room in which she can go to bed with Pietrek and hunting through bars and nightclubs for her brother Grzegorz, who is drinking himself silly over a girl who cannot make up her mind whether to leave her husband for him or not. In the end, Agnieszka goes to bed with a man whom she picks up in a dive and who is very cross when he discovers she is a virgin. There ought to be an eighth day of the week, different from all the seven, but there is not.

Agnieszka moves in a world made up entirely, it seems, by squalid notations of revulsion. Hlasko's Warsaw is populated almost solely by drunks who pursue the girl with the crudest obscenities – and by cats, which caterwaul in counterpoint. The novel is a small triumph of economy; every line stabs home; and it has been put into excellent American by Mr Norbert Guterman. What conclusions, if any, we are to draw from it I don't know. It seems to me significant that the writer constantly evoked in its pages is Dostoevsky, and equally significant that the novelists it reminds one of, both in its rendering of a society and its attitude towards that society, are Thirties novelists like the Farrell of *Studs Lonigan*, the Dahlberg of *Bottom Dogs* and Céline. The first two of these were novelists of social protest. Céline (who became a Fascist) was more extreme in that he rebelled against the very motion of society, seeing society merely as the ultimate in organised rackets. It is Céline who was the real founding-father of the 'Beats' and the rest of them. What is interesting is that one of his offspring – and far from the least talented of them – should now pop up from behind the Iron Curtain.

WALTER ALLEN

Mr Caute has applied a genuinely creative imagination to his African experience, and he has written an interesting and intelligent novel which deserves commendation for its ambition alone. Some scenes are brilliant – the seduction of the African, the drive to the North with the brigadier, the riot. But the novel is unbalanced. The limitations of Mr Caute's experience cannot be hidden. The emphasis on sex is disproportionate and unnecessary. The British characters are well observed but the African politicians are unconvincing. Mr Caute writes in a variety of styles. Glyn's interior monologues are unpunctuated. The reflections of the African servant are earthy of *The Good Earth*. Here and there one encounters thickets of blank verse. Mr Caute's higher flights are frustrated by his command of the cliché. And one wonders whether in six months Mr Caute won't be embarrassed by a sentence like: 'Savile stood rooted to the spot as a violent surge of lust shot through his body and the sweat stood out in large beads on his pale skin'.

The Tortoises is an excellent piece of horror and suspense. I would have enjoyed it more if I were not nagged by the feeling that it was shot through with symbols and significance. In 1904 a Dutch sea-captain prepares to lead his crew on a treasure-hunt. He kidnaps his guide in the Seychelles, where there is an outbreak of smallpox. To cover up his activities he also takes on a cargo of tortoises. But the guide has brought the smallpox with him. Infection, mutiny and disaster follow. The story is effectively, if a little portentously, told by one of the survivors, who is crazy. Either by accident or design M. Masson's novel is full of literary echoes. The sea-quest ending in disaster makes one think of *Moby Dick*. The Dutch captain could have come out of Conrad. An important member of the crew is a Negro, and one is so used to running into Negroes in fantasies about the end of the world and so on that he makes one wonder. And then the tortoises: wonderfully horrific, but I could not understand why so much was made of them.

Everything is clear in *Goldmund*. It is a parable, set in medieval Germany, analysing the differing natures of the monk and the vagrant, the thinker and the creator, the father and the mother. Goldmund's mother was disreputable and he has been made to forget her. As a boy he is brought to the cloister; it is his wish to spend his life there. But Narziss, the novice teacher, revives Goldmund's memories of his mother and uncovers his true nature, his dependence on the senses. In time Goldmund leaves the cloister and becomes a vagrant. He exploits his senses to the full: he seduces innumerable women, kills, witnesses the effects of a plague. As the years go by he is saddened by the transitoriness of life and, in order to leave some memorial, becomes a wood-carver, achieving a fitful harmony of the senses and the intellect. But he can never be a dedicated artist.

> Then life itself must be renounced; the man was nothing but her instrument: though he might serve eternity he withered, he lost his freedom. . . . All being, it seemed, was built on opposites, on division. Always the one paid for the other, though each was equally precious and essential.

I can see that this novel will not be to everyone's taste. I found it perceptive and satisfying. And Hermann Hesse is a superb story-teller.

In *The Big Boxcar* six Negroes on the run find themselves in the same goods van travelling north through Alabama. They tell their stories of racial persecution. Then they are joined by an escaped white convict. He tells his story too. When the train is stopped and searched at Birmingham, three of the Negroes sacrifice themselves for the others. The structure of this novel is

Other New Novels

At Fever Pitch. By DAVID CAUTE. *Deutsch.* 16*s.*

The Tortoises. By LOYS MASSON. Translated by ANTONIA WHITE. *Chatto & Windus.* 16*s.*

Goldmund. By HERMANN HESSE. Translated by GEOFFREY DUNLOP. *Peter Owen.* 18*s.*

The Big Boxcar. By ALFRED MAUND. *Longmans.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

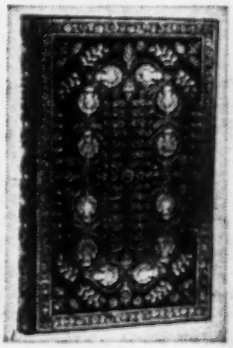
The Sergeant. By DENNIS MURPHY. *Muller.* 15*s.*

At Fever Pitch is the first novel of a very young and talented writer. Mr Caute went to West Africa in 1956 to do his National Service and his novel is set in a West African country – clearly the Gold Coast – which is about to get its independence. It is an ambitious novel. Mr Caute's characters are young and old, British and African. The British army officers and their wives apparently care for nothing but sex. The African politicians, waiting to take over, are divided by jealousy, race and religion. Mr Caute's central character, Glyn, is a young subaltern whose attitudes, sexual, social and political, have not yet hardened. He is attracted to his African servant, a man with two wives, seduces him, and then, in immediate revulsion – 'can't have an African in my bed' – rejects him; only to find himself hounded by a subtle and perverse brigadier. The elections draw near. In an anti-government riot, Glyn, 'the inveterate coward who hates violence', panics and shoots twenty-five people of the North. He thus becomes an invaluable scapegoat to the ruling politicians of the South. He will be the first Englishman to stand trial before an independent West African court.

37 Toulouse-Lautrec lithographs FREE

To readers of the 'New Statesman'

Nowadays when, perhaps cynically, we expect the much-boosted "free offer" to amount to little more than a four-page leaflet, it is a pleasant shock to come across one which runs to eighty quarto pages, full of superb reproductions of lithographs by Toulouse-Lautrec. Beautifully bound in quarter-buckram, titled in real gold, this collector's edition is free from the Folio Society.



The Folio Society, in case you have not already encountered it, is a book club which specialises in magnificently-produced editions of the classics, from Herodotus and *The Decameron* to Jane Austen, from *Sherlock Holmes* and Rupert Brooke to *The Canterbury Tales*. They also publish fascinating eye-witness accounts of historic occasions such as *The Trial of Charles I*, Johnstone's *A Memoir of the 'Forty-Five*, and Napoleon's own description of *The Waterloo Campaign*. One of the handsome bindings which are so much a feature of the Society's editions is illustrated here—a reproduction in blue and gold of an elaborate Edinburgh binding of the eighteenth century.

The astonishing thing is that these Folio Society editions, finely printed on good paper, individually designed, illustrated by distinguished artists, still cost no more than ordinary editions. There is no membership fee or other charge. One need order only four books a year out of a varied list of over fifty titles. This is where the free book comes in: the superb PARIS ALBUM of Toulouse-Lautrec Lithographs, brilliantly depicting the gilded, gaslit world of *fin-de-siècle* Paris, is a Presentation Volume sent FREE to every member immediately he enrols.

For 16-page illustrated prospectus giving full details, post the coupon below to The Membership Secretary, Folio Society, 70 Brook Street, London, W.1.

Please send details of the Folio Society NS 16

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

artificial and its substance, though sad and terrible, is familiar. But Mr Maund writes well, he shows a fine sense of comedy and, unlike so many writers on this subject, black and white, his purpose is humane rather than sensational.

The Sergeant tells of the attraction of an American Army sergeant to a young soldier who, interestingly, is attracted more to his French girl. Mr Murphy writes a good clean prose but the development of his story is obvious from first to last. Some of the dialogue – particularly between boy and girl – is painfully trite. This very expectedness makes the novel seem less compact than it is. But I suppose *The Sergeant* really failed for me because I could not find the characters interesting.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Puccini's Jocasta

Puccini: A Critical Biography. By MOSCO CARNER. *Duckworth.* 70*s.*

Puccini: Keeper of the Seal. By EDWARD GREENFIELD. *Arrow Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The centenary of Puccini's birth is most worthily commemorated in Dr Mosco Carner's substantial book, the fruit of many years' study. Its virtue does not lie in the publishers' claim that it 'will hasten the long delayed recognition of Puccini's true stature'. Although there are still people who cannot bear to look at Puccini dispassionately, it has long been clear that, to quote Dr Carner,

> he was a potentially great dramatic composer who was prevented from attaining his full stature by the limitations and contradictions in his make-up. He possessed burning intensity of feeling but no profundity and no spirituality. . . . He commanded the power of complete self-identification with his dramatic characters, notably his heroines, but little detachment. His instinct for the theatre was extraordinary yet he stumbled as a dramatist on more than one occasion. His technical accomplishments were stupendous, yet he dodged some essential problems of dramatic composition.

What was required, and what Dr Carner has now supplied, was an attempt to focus and explain these limitations and contradictions, based on a thorough study of Puccini's life and work.

Dr Carner finds the key in a strong mother-fixation, which conditioned Puccini's responses as man and artist throughout his life. This of course can only be a hypothesis, but it is a very convincing one. As elaborated here, it explains the major defects – and much else – in his operas: the weak tenor heroes, the emphasis on torture and suffering, the sado-masochistic gusto with which Puccini degrades his heroines (we are given some illuminating comparisons with their literary originals), his repeated failure with the redemption-through-love happy end, and his inability to finish *Turandot*, the last duet of which was conceived at least two years before the onset of fatal illness. Dr Carner plausibly suggests that Turandot and the Aunt in *Suor Angelica* represent both the mother-image and that of Puccini's wife Elvira, on whose disagreeable character he throws much light.

Some such explanation is certainly needed if Puccini is to be acquitted of a shameless prostitution of his gifts. There is no doubt that his assaults on our nervous sensibilities were precisely calculated. He admitted that his aim was to make people weep ('therein lies everything'), and he constantly sacrificed character to situation, and dramatic motivation to sensationalism. Dr Carner quotes examples from nearly every opera, from Act IV of *Manon Lescaut* ('In his fascination for scenes of mental and physical suffering the voice of the dramatist in him . . . was completely silenced') to *Turandot*, in which he landed the sympathy so completely on the wrong side that it is difficult to see how a satisfactory end would have been possible. He concludes that 'Puccini's musical characters are not so much individualities with a life of their own as projections of atmosphere, incarnations of emotional states and, in the last analysis, symbols of his own unconscious drives and tensions'. *Madam Butterfly* is his nearest approach to true tragedy, because here alone we see the heroine 'developing in a continuous and consistent line'.

But if Dr Carner is under no illusions about Puccini's faults, he is equally perceptive of the qualities that have kept the operas alive: melodic richness, emotional tension, stagecraft (especially in the timing of dramatic strokes), the sensitive portrayal of 'the little unimportant things in the lives of little unimportant people', and the evocation of atmosphere ('Nature is made to reflect the mood of his characters'). He makes it clear why Puccini towers head and shoulders above all the other Italian opera composers of his age. The whole central section of the book, which places Puccini the artist against the traditions and background, literary and psychological as well as musical, of the period in which he worked, is a model of penetration and balanced judgment.

Mr Greenfield in his much shorter book makes many good points, especially on Puccini's command of musical structure; but he tends to beg the larger questions. He very aptly quotes the dictum of I. A. Richards, 'A response is sentimental if it is too great for the occasion', without apparently perceiving that this is just where Puccini repeatedly falls down. Dr Carner's word for his sentimentality is 'all-pervasive'. Mr Greenfield asks whether the plot of *Tosca* is any cheaper than that of *Othello*, and declares that the appearance of the blinded Oedipus in Sophocles's play 'is more crudely sensational than anything in a Puccini opera'. But though clearly aware of possible aesthetic distinctions, he refuses to draw them and leaves the reader in doubt whether he accepts them. Similarly with tear-jerking: we are told that 'it does not matter whether as in Bach or Beethoven the tears were something not foreseen by the composer or as in Puccini they certainly were'. A little special pleading enables him to rank Puccini's heroines in depth and range with Verdi's (Violetta excepted), his use of *Leitmotiv* as 'more compelling dramatically' than Wagner's, and his melody as no less long-spanned than that of Verdi and Schubert. It is surely eccentric to draw parallels between Puccini and that mistress of understatement, Jane Austen. Mr Greenfield has an interesting chapter on Puccini's operatic successors in Italy and England, which throws up some provocative comparisons. It is a pity that he should mar his general picture by claiming too much.

WINTON DEAN

Philhellene

The Private Sea. By PETER MAYNE. *Murray.* 18*s.*

Greece is a powerful charmer, and literary men are especially susceptible. As a result there are some pretty silly books about the country. Running true to form, Mr Mayne fell madly in love with the Greeks. He thinks them a wonderful people, which they are. Typically, though, he goes on to praise them for their 'cosmic qualities', which one might think they had no greater share of than anybody else. Nevertheless *The Private Sea* is a much less feverish affair than these books usually are.

Mr Mayne's private sea is the stretch of water that lies between the small island of Poros near Athens and the Peloponnesian mainland opposite. He lived on Poros for some months in 1957. His main narrative tells how a randy and penniless Greek youth, a friend of his, tries to marry a rich and beautiful American girl who is visiting the island. Naturally this sad campaign is a failure, and somehow one grudges the space that it takes up. These pages seem all contrived, as a bad novel does. Mr Mayne describes his book as 'a documentary with additions'. The additions are the trouble. They betray Mr Mayne's talent, which is to make an alien world believable yet not less strange, as readers of his other books will remember. Intermittently, this is what he achieves again here.

Mr Mayne understands a lot of important things about the Greeks. I have not seen a better discussion of *Philotimos*, which is roughly the Greek equivalent of Oriental 'face' or the Spanish *honor*. 'It is what you lose, if other men do not put the proper value on your excellence.' It is an obsessive notion in Greece. The modern Greek's idea of democracy is rooted in the exhilarating belief that every man is better than his neighbour. Like all people who make good friends, the Greeks have a superb superiority complex. Mr Mayne is good, too, on the national disease of *accidia*. Every Greek suffers from periodic attacks of this ravening boredom, when everything seems hopelessly difficult, and the vanity of the world is very pronounced. Mr Mayne's friend Nicos, an impover-

ished aristocrat of gentle manner, is a slave to this complaint. 'Why should I give up smoking? Life offers us so few pleasures,' he tells the author, and after a pause: 'Not that I really enjoy smoking . . .' However, all this gloom goes with a complete absence of self-pity: a people that lives on such close terms with catastrophe cannot afford that luxury.

Another large topic that Mr Mayne handles well is sex, or rather the sex-lives of the young bloods of Poros. They have a hard time. In Greece the unmarried girls are likely to be virgins, and these young men are too poor to marry. The best they can afford is an occasional visit to a brothel in Athens. These adventures are told over later in loving detail for the benefit of the stay-at-homes: in Greek life privacy is at a premium.

Excusably perhaps, Mr Mayne ignores the grim underside of the Greek charm: they are a cruel people. However, his sharp eye focuses on many other things. He is almost as curious as his hosts, which is saying something. He responds warmly to people of all kinds, including the unimportant and the ill-favoured. Apart from the central figures, there are Nicos's mother and her four sisters, each of them over ninety; there is Alcibiades the hermit, the fisherman Yannis, the millionaire Sarantopoulos: all beautifully observed. These portraits are the best thing in the book, together with the descriptions: of landfall at a small Aegean island, of *Zeybekiko* dancing in a cellar taverna, of the various ways to make Turkish coffee. After all this, it is a pity that Mr Mayne seems to think that real life 'makes all sorts of terrible mistakes' that have to be rectified before you can put it in a book. No doubt this is true for some writers, but it is just when Mr Mayne refuses to alter the picture that his own book is memorable.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

Sloane St Theosophy

To Be Young. By MARY LUTYENS. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*

Miss Lutyens's youth was a strange blend of early 20th-century upper-class cosiness and peripatetic theosophy. She has written a delightful book about it, one of those candid naturals. Her mother, then an ardent disciple of Mrs Besant, had a good deal to do with the upbringing of Krishnamurti, the young Hindu whom the theosophists had chosen as their Messiah elect, and his more active brother, Nitya, with whom Mary Lutyens was deeply in love from the age of about fourteen onwards.

The course of this love and the theosophical pilgrimages to India and Australia provide the narrative thread. Strung on it are characteristic features of a Knightsbridge childhood such as Macpherson's Gymnasium and Miss Vacani's dancing class. The rapport with Nanny, so important in the English life of the period and often so much closer than the relationship with Mummy, is nicely done. In a theosophical nursery—

> Nanny became a vegetarian because she could not bear to refuse us the little bits of her breakfast bacon for which we begged. As no animal fat was allowed in our cooking, our food was fried or roasted in a white vegetable grease called Nutter.

When Krishna came to tea he was greeted, although they knew he was destined to become the World Teacher, with shouts of 'Cowardy cowardy custard, your face is the colour of mustard. . . .'

For all its moonstruck fantasies about the Great Masters which worried poor Krishnamurti until he abandoned the Besant-Leadbeater circu and sidestepped into pure mysticism, theosoph is a relatively benevolent cult. It does not seem to have oppressed Miss Lutyens unduly in spite of her markedly emotional temperament. She herself had some interesting mystical experiences one especially, when under laughing-gas at the dentist's she discovered the why and the where fore of existence, reminds you of a simila moment of revelation, also under nitrous oxide in William James's *The Varieties of Religiou Experience.*

Her account of her adolescent passion fo Nitya, who died of consumption, is distinctly moving; and she gives you very distinct characterisations of both brothers, of Mrs Besant the Queen of Theosophy, also of her own father, the architect, whose patience was often strained by the theosophical preoccupations of his spouse.

For amateurs of cults and queer fish, the *pièce de résistance* comes right at the end with the visit to Australia, to the shrine of the one and only Dr Leadbeater, installed in Sydney as the Bishop of the Liberal Catholic Church:

> He came prancing down the wharf like a great lion, hatless and in a long purple cloak, holding on to the arm of very good-looking blond boy of about fifteen. . . . Bishop had the merriest of twinkling blue eyes, a jolly manner and a very loud though pleasant voice. I was immediately impressed by his air of sparkling health. . . . His teeth . . . were exceptionally long and pointed . . . so that the word vampire jumped to my mind.

Miss Lutyens remains impressed by Bishop or 'Brother' as he was more often called. She refuses to credit the homosexual scandal in which he was allegedly concerned and which, earlier on had split the Theosophical Society. She will no have him dismissed as a charlatan. She certainly

Who are the women behind the

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN?

The woman on the left is against. Practically everything. Particularly the *Manchester Guardian*, which is often wildly for. As she reads it she grows againster and againster. Pretty soon she will raise that well-oiled hockey stick and knock down the editor, who will thus join a select company which includes a Grenadier Guardsman, Great-uncle Charles, and two Cabinet ministers.

In the centre is the Hon. Felicity Sparks, who is a model. She is usually to be found wearing pale grey clothes in pale grey photographs. Her cheekbones are high, her brow is low. The photographer, however, thought it would be an amusingly colourful idea to stand the pale grey Miss Sparks behind the pale pink *Manchester Guardian*. Alas, she herself reads only papers in which pictures outnumber the words.

The woman on the right is a beautiful, kind, wise, witty, cultured mother of three children. She is also an economist, and therefore sees the good sense of buying the *Guardian*, which for three pence a day provides her with paper for wiping the omelette-pan, and for giving to the children to make cocked hats. The *Manchester Guardian*, moreover, has another interesting feature which is provided at no extra cost; the staff take pains to write it so accurately, intelligently, and amusingly that it is actually quite a pleasure to read it before you wipe the floor with it.

communicates the impression of a powerful personality, and her faith does not prevent her, such is the power of sincerity in writing, from giving a fascinating and deliciously amusing account of life at the 'Manor', as Brother's Palace was called. Krishnamurti was present during part of the visit; he does not appear to have seen eye to eye with Brother on a number of points. No doubt he remembered Leadbeater's strange habit, described by Miss Lutyens's mother, Lady Emily, in her *Candles in the Sun*, of reading aloud *Dracula* to very young boys in bed to toughen them spiritually.

The book ends with Miss Lutyens getting the news, on the voyage home, of Nitya's death. She succeeds remarkably well in communicating her own emotional experiences in contact with unusual personalities. She writes with an honest seeming artlessness that is oddly impressive.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Architectural Wit

Here of All Places. By OSBERT LANCASTER. *Murray.* 21*s.*

At his worst, which is often, Osbert Lancaster is a sort of Betjeman-with-visuals, a toffee-nosed Tory with conditioned reflexes about progressive movements and popular tastes. At his best, which is worth waiting for, he is the La Bruyère of architectural character. All this was perfectly apparent two decades ago, when *Pillar to Post* first hit the public, and was confirmed when *Homes Sweet Homes* followed it up. Between them they made a little revolution, and architecture suddenly became part of the common currency of polite natter. This they achieved, (*a*) by making architecture funny, and taking the mickey out of the aspects of architecture that were taken seriously in the Thirties, and (*b*) by making it superficially discussible by giving slick names to the rogue styles of the nineteenth century. The parts dealing with architecture before Gothick-with-a-K were mostly undergraduate résumés of known material and received ideas, but the latter parts were both original and observational – labels like *Pont Street Dutch* describe something real, and historians have taken them over, while many of the foibles of Twentyish-Thirtyish modernism fully deserved the imprint of his well-turned toe.

Now that *Pillar* and *Homes* have been repacked in a single cover, with added material on the Forties and America, the dichotomy between tired Tory satire and genuine architectural wit seems more pronounced than ever. The attempts to make *Here of All Places* thoroughly up to date fail through excess of zeal as often as through lack of it: the Byzantine entry has gained only accuracy in being brought up to Cecil Stewart standards, and has lost point through the removal of a snide but relevant crack at Robert Byron, while an attempt to smarten up the muddle-headed text on the Renaissance, by removing references to Wren, is thwarted by the survival, on the facing page, of a drawing only too obviously based on the high Baroquery of Wren's great model for St Paul's.

But it is in the new entries towards the end of the book that the divergence of Osbert Lancaster's faults and virtues is most alarming. The section on early skyscrapers is as judicious as it is clever, the drawing for Festival Flats deservedly knocks the starch out of the still prevalent tendency of architects to art up social programmees they don't fully understand, and the entries on historical American themes will doubtless instruct his English readers as well as doing sales a power of good across the water. The last two entries on America, dealing with spec' housing and motorised townscape, are such dull and unobservant-seeming re-parrotings of the jibes that junior-establishment critics have been parroting from one another, that one can hardly believe that he has in fact visited America.

It is clear that where he is at his best is still in the period of High Anglo-Saxonry (on either side of the Atlantic) from about mid-Georgian to Square Functionalism. Over that territory he has, like Betjeman, suitably sensitive scanning equipment for finding his targets, and the right scalpels to cut them down to size. But outside that field his vision is obscured by a smell of the lamp, or an odour of sanctimoniousness, and *Here of All Places* would, I suspect, be a better book even by its own standards if it could get shot of everything before *Georgian Ecclesiastical* and after *Festival Flats*. What lies between those limits is still one of the best – and certainly the funniest – architectural books of our time.

REYNER BANHAM

Decorative Art

VOL. 48 1958-59

Holme and Frost

It reveals new trends in design and decoration and will assist all home lovers, while architects and designers will find it an authoritative source of information.

Over 500 illustrations **35s**

Modern Publicity

VOL. 28 1958-59

Frank A. Mercer

Over 30 countries are represented. 'An admirable, well-chosen and concise survey of world advertising at its best.' T.L.S.

Over 900 illustrations **45s**

STUDIO LTD 161 FLEET STREET

Prospective Candidus

The Candid Eye. By LORD KINROSS. *Richards Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Frowning slightly, Candidus Smith examined his complimentary copy.

'I suppose it is all for the best,' he murmured, 'but I scarcely expected my modest adventures in London to be reported at such length.'

'Not only in London,' I reminded him. 'You also visited Oxford, Calder Hall, a Butlin Camp, and a Stately Home. You encountered The Workers, The Public Relations Consultants, The Poets, The Debutantes –'

'Ah, Cunegonda . . .'

'– and The Politicians.'

'Indeed, yes. The account of their Conventions is most acid and perceptive. Its first publication was in Bournemouth?'

'On the contrary, in Bouverie Street. It appeared in *Punch*.'

'The journal of the wine trade?'

'The national humorous magazine,' I replied sternly.

'The best of all possible humorous magazines?'

'Doubtless. It was during what historians have termed the Muggeridgean Renaissance. And now, as you see, Mr Muggeridge himself has introduced your collected impressions, with pictures by Mr Cecil Keeling.'

'A libellous artist!' exclaimed Candidus, ruefully stroking his crew-cut.

'He has, perhaps, overstressed the transatlantic aspect of your Augustan personality,' I rejoined politely.

'And how does it happen,' continued Candidus, 'that my own impressions are interspersed with alien essays on such things as television and school magazines?'

'Because you cannot be everywhere at once,' I answered. 'Your biographer has merely continued the tradition he inaugurated earlier, in a volume of sketches called *The Century of the Common Peer*.'

'An ironical title,' mused Candidus. 'A Conservative answer to the so-called Common Man?'

'Presumably. You will have noticed that the present volume shows a certain coolness towards the Welfare State.'

'And yet it appears to lampoon a prominent Conservative. "Heil Hailsham!" seems scarcely a friendly greeting.'

'The name itself might suggest an even more scathing salutation.'

'You are right,' said Candidus after a moment's thought. 'Perhaps, then, the book is less satirical than I had imagined.'

'Exactly. You will observe that your own natural nervousness of radioactivity has been turned into a mild joke.'

'But according to Mr Muggeridge the book conveys "the authentic flavour of these times." I take it that Debutantes are more authentic than the Deterrent.'

'On the contrary,' I said, 'they no longer exist. But let me quote Mr Muggeridge once more. He speaks of "the best liberal education now available", that "enables one to live with sputniks and guided missiles . . ."'

'He is referring to Zen Buddhism?' inquired Candidus.

'To gossip-writing,' I replied. 'Both he and your biographer were at one time practitioners of the art.'

'Truly,' said Candidus, 'the mantle of Voltaire has fallen on strange shoulders'.

'It has merely become Contemporary,' I answered.

'This, then, must be the latest of all possible styles?'

'Not at all,' I said; 'it flourished in the early 1950s.'

'It is all very puzzling,' declared Candidus. 'Were you not, after all, diverted by my adventures?'

'Agreeably, but gently,' I answered, and turned away. As I withdrew, Candidus muttered something about 'cultivating his garden', then looked up bleakly.

'And you might cultivate a sense of humour,' he added with a baffled snarl.

RICHARD MAYNE

Week-end Competition

No. 1,512 Set by Red Setter

Rewards go to the swift. The usual prizes for a report in *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, *Daily Express*, *Observer*, *Daily Mirror* or *Daily Worker* (limit 150 words) on a contest in which victory went to the slowest competitor. Entries by 24 February.

Result of No. 1,509 Set by Little Nell

My grandmother on one memorable occasion remarked: 'I can't remember whether Alice's daughter has died or had twins: so I must write a letter which will do for either'. And so, to the delight of her grandchildren, she successfully did. The usual prizes are offered for a similarly Delphic missive covering with equal cogency any pair of totally disparate events in the life of a personal friend or public acquaintance. Limit, 150 words.

Report

A disappointment, despite the winner. Out of a very large crop of entries, only a dozen or so combined plausibility with wit. Far too many entrants failed not so much because of infelicities in phrase as because of crudely contrived 'situations' in which my granny would never have become involved. And, oh! those laborious and wordy explanatory headings!

Pleasing notions were: Such an essentially sporting type [wife or car] obviously needs the most knowledgeable handling.

RHODA TUCK POOK

Every youngster you know, or nearly everyone, has to go through it [Mumps or the 11-plus] but it need not alter the even tenor of your household. Arthur may get a little swollen-headed, but he will soon get over that.

P. W. R. FOOT

Do remember this: physical experiment in this connection [engagement or suicide] is not only morally, in some cases even legally, wrong, but is also likely to terminate in hospital.

EEYORE

Your new life will be strangely different from the old, my dear son. At first the Other Place will seem most unfamiliar to you, and some of its regulations may well prove irksome.

GEORGE BAKER

Barbara Brocklesby and Cecil H. Nation both disqualified from place money for exceeding the word limit.

An easy winner was H. Hardman – three guineas; a guinea each to the other three.

Dear Liz,

So you've been – received! Brilliant of you to do it without anybody knowing! Charles and I are in ecstasies of astonishment. It will be some time, I suppose, before we see you, and it will be ages before we have the strength to open another of those crime novels of poor dear Ronnie's. However did you get the guts to do it, my dear? We knew you were mad, but we did not think you were screwball!!! What did it feel like when the gates closed behind you, so to speak? I suppose you burnt your boats long before – when you started making passes at that nice Catholic policeman in fact. Anyway, both Charles and I hope they are kind to you at – where is it? – Holloway? – Haverstock Hill? – My dear, how could you? Yours till the corkscrews straighten, darling, Joanna. H. HARDMAN

Friend's fiancé is in the African Rifles. But black or white?

My dear, how exciting. I saw it in the D.T. yesterday. It's simply ages since we met, but I felt I must write and congratulate. I bet he's handsome. Tall, *dark* and . . . eh? I always thought somehow you would choose a dark man. I remember you used to say it was all very well for gentlemen to prefer blondes, but what about the blondes. And I suppose you'll *have* to live in Africa, won't you. Still I expect your husband is so used to the country and the customs that you will soon settle down. It is a land and people I have always wanted to see; so picturesque, I should think. I think you deserve a lot of luck and I hope you will be happy.

W. G. DAISH

Was it a decoration or a District Court Martial?

Dear Bingo,

It seems ages since we met (? Tidworth end of '36 when the Bn won the Div. hockey match). I felt I must write when I read a small paragraph in the Gazette about your DCM. (By the way I see that the editor is 'F. Frobisher Maj'—can that be Fruity F. who joined us as a subaltern at Secunderabad in '32? O tempus!) All the best. Yours, Freddy.

T. C. M. WINWOOD

Lottie's mother has either had a grave accident or become engaged.

My dear Lottie,

We have been abroad, and have just heard the news about Helen.

How well I can imagine and sympathise with your feelings! *Do* let me know if there is any ceremony I can attend; at times like these one does so need some support from old friends, and you know how fond I've always been of *darling* Helen.

How very lucky *you* have been to have such a young mother, with such an unfailing *zest* for new experience. Now don't forget, you can count on me always.

With apologies for such a short and hurried letter,

Yours affectionately, Emma.

HILARY BAKER

COMPANY MEETINGS

F. W. WOOLWORTH & CO.

New Sales Record

The annual general meeting of F. W. Woolworth & Co., Ltd., will be held on 6 March in London.

The following are extracts from the circulated statement of the Chairman, Mr R. J. Berridge, for the year 1958:

The increase in turnover was greater during last year than for 1957, so that a new high record of sales was achieved. I commented last year that there seemed to be no likelihood of any change in the pattern of expenses increasing at a greater rate than turnover – particularly wages and salaries. This proved to be your company's experience in 1958.

Store Expansion: The building progress during 1958 resulted in the total number of stores in the British Isles being raised to 1,012. Many letters and comments of a most complimentary nature have been received, expressing the satisfaction that the new, extended and modernised stores have given to members of the public.

Self-service stores increased during the year from 46 to 56, either in entirely new areas or after conversion from conventional service. I am glad to say that last year's experience of this mode of selling is more assuring.

Profit and Dividend

Trading profit for 1958 amounted to £23,586,872, compared with £21,906,164. The increase of £1,680,708 or 7.67 per cent. is considered very satisfactory. Net profit before taxation amounted to £25,597,085, compared with £24,071,753 for 1957, an increase of £1,525,332 or 6.34 per cent. The resulting net profit after taxation for 1958 is £12,035,245, compared with £11,233,201 for 1957, or 47.02 per cent. of net profit before taxation, so that the Government still claims the lion's share of 52.98 per cent. of net profit before taxation. The proposed appropriation to General Reserve is again £2,000,000.

Final dividend proposed on Ordinary Stock at 1s. 4d. per unit, plus 8d. per unit interim dividend paid in August last, repeats the total distribution of 2s. per unit on the Ordinary capital for 1957.

However, as already announced, it is the intention of the Board to mark the company's Golden Jubilee, which falls on 23 July, 1959, by declaring a special cash bonus of 4d. per 5s. unit of Ordinary Stock (less income tax) payable on 15 August 1959 with the interim dividend. This will cost £1,293,750 on the basis of income tax being deducated at the current standard rate. If, as is hoped, the standard rate of income tax is lower at the time of payment of this special cash bonus, the total amount payable to stockholders will be correspondingly increased.

Balance carried forward, or surplus, stands at £7,451,756, compared with £5,073,518 for 1957, an increase of £2,378,238.

The Year 1959

For some months now it has been refreshing to learn of the upward trend in the country's economic outlook, so that from this aspect no pronouncement of mine is necessary.

The prospects for the current year, viewed against the background of 1959 being the company's Golden Jubilee Year, are promising, too. Extensive advertising plans have been laid covering most months of the year, to support special features and culminating in the Golden Jubilee Sale from Friday, 24 April, to Saturday, 2 May. By these means it is hoped the demand for your company's merchandise will be stimulated still further.

Nineteen-fifty-nine could well be an outstanding year for your company but only time will tell whether this hope, reasonable as it seems at present, will be realised.

As a matter of interest, the Head Office of the company, having outgrown its premises at New Bond Street from which it has functioned since 1930, will be transferred towards the end of March or at the beginning of April to Woolworth House, 242-246 Marylebone Road, NW1, a new building where much-needed facilities and amenities generally will be available. In particular, the car parking problem of suppliers and others visiting us will no longer exist, as ample accommodation will be provided.

ILLINGWORTH, MORRIS & CO.

(Worsted Spinners)

DIFFICULT TRADING CONDITIONS

The 39th annual general meeting of Illingworth, Morris & Company, Limited was held on 5 February at Bradford, The Rt. Hon. Lord Wilmot of Selmeston, PC, JP (the chairman), presiding.

In his circulated statement, the chairman, after reviewing the financial results continued:

The year under review was one of very difficult trading conditions throughout the whole Wool Textile Industry. The fall in wool prices was almost continuous throughout the year and amounted to about 30 per cent. during the period.

More serious was the difficulty in obtaining orders for several months. This affected most sections of the industry, but more particularly Worsted Spinning. As a result there was a good deal of short time running in your Company's mills and such business as was available had to be taken on a less profitable basis. It is not surprising, therefore, that the profits for the year have fallen sharply.

It would appear that the trade was heavily overstocked in piece goods and yarns. This is shown by the length of time many manufacturers were able to keep their factories running full time without ordering further yarns; it is doubtful whether these stocks have yet been entirely used. But it is felt that with the liquidation of stocks, both of cloth and yarn, the industry is in a sounder position.

Fortunately, as I write this statement, there are signs of some revival in the volume of business. The American trade for the autumn season has been good – better than expected – and should the Home and European trades follow the same course, your mills may revert to full production.

Since the close of the financial year, your Company has increased its investment in Salts (Saltaire) Limited and is now the majority shareholder.

The report was adopted.

City Lights

No Time for Fandango

It's not so long since there'd have been dancing in Throgmorton Street at the news that the Capital Issues Committee of the Treasury had been given indefinite leave of absence. There was no dancing last week. Nobody, for one thing, expects this new freedom to borrow to last for very long. In the City, for another, people are more moved by facts than by principles and understand very well that the capital market has been thrown open only because few borrowers are likely to take advantage of it. There will be no great irruption into the market of frustrated borrowers, particularly while the banks are hawking around their overdrafts so aggressively.

There may be one odd side-consequence of the suspension of CIC control. Last summer, when the stringency of the control was relaxed, its scope was simultaneously widened to cover the various devices which had been developed for by-passing it. Quite by accident, this widening of CIC control put a stop to a popular device developed for the rather different purpose of saving tax. The essence of the dodge, which came naturally into the limelight when the Chancellor's umbrella was furled, was to sell one's private company to one's *alter ego* for whatever loose cash the company might have accumulated and for a redeemable debenture. By this simple means it was possible to extract the retained profits of the years without incurring a tax liability, to transform taxable profits into tax-free capital receipts, and finally, when the debenture was redeemed, to be left with the same company as one started with, now in a position to pay much higher dividends and increase the value of its shares correspondingly. This device, unless the Revenue pulls itself together, may now flourish again.

* * *

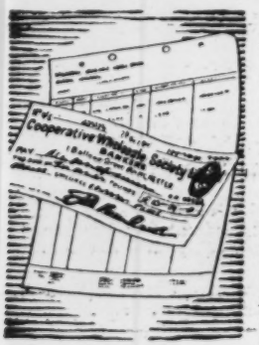
The Tube Investments offer to holders of British Aluminium finally closed this week, leaving TI and Reynolds Metals with a joint holding of over 90 per cent. Reynolds, it appears, is not itself accepting the TI offer in respect of the £4m of British Aluminium stock it bought in the market but will turn it over to the new company in some other way. There are several possible explanations for this decision – not least that acceptance of the TI offer would have left Reynolds with a useful nucleus of TI shares. Sir Ivan Stedeford is no doubt aware that Reynolds is quite capable, at some time in the future of doing to him what he himself has just done so efficiently to Lord Portal.

Meanwhile, the main echo of the British Aluminium affair – should directors be able to hand control of the company over to somebody else without consulting shareholders? – is still careering around the City. The chairman of the Association of Investment Trusts, a body which feels an understandable urge to act as shareholders' aunt, had some pretty plain words to say on the matter last autumn, about the time when United Dominions Trust was quietly slipping a large chunk of its capital to Barclays Bank. It so happened that the then chairman belonged to a firm of merchant bankers which soon afterwards put itself, very publicly, on the wrong side in the British Aluminium rumpus; the succeeding chairman, fortunately for the City's reputation, could tell an *ultra vires* when he saw one and had no qualms about telling the world about it. The AIA, of course, has a great many members holding a great many views, and a long angels-on-the-point-of-a-needle debate has gone on behind closed doors, while company chairmen with their nose to the wind (notably Lord Chandos) have been assuring their shareholders that they, at least, know how directors should behave. Now, presumably to the delight of those who have just tumbled to the fact that directors are much more proper game than shareholders, the AIA has come out with an extremely cautiously-phrased statement on the right side.

* * *

The hire-purchase finance houses have been yearning for respectability for years, and the invasion of the banks has given them their chance. At present, most of the really large houses belong to an exclusive body called the Finance Houses Association. A handful of the middling-sized houses, furious at their exclusion from the FHA, have formed themselves into an Industrial Bankers Association. The rest, running into some hundreds, belong either to the Hire Purchase Trade Association – a body with miscellaneous interests in the field of credit investigation – or to no association at all. The FHA has now amended its articles to allow it to take on new members: the idea seems to be to take the uncommitted middling-sizers into the FHA, ensure that everyone who matters is in at least one of the three associations, and then to form some kind of Grand Council of the Industry. This development would seem more spontaneous if one did not remember Grandma suggesting at the Mansion House in October that some more comprehensive organisation for the industry was urgently needed.

TAURUS



Page by Page

That is how the C.W.S Bank calculates the commission for personal accounts, and for a ledger page of about 32 entries the charge is 5/–. Thus you know what the account will cost you, and don't forget that interest is allowed on current account credit balances and that all customers have access to the full banking services available.

You will find it worth while asking for particulars

C.W.S. BANK, P.O. BOX 101, MANCHESTER 4

Please send me your illustrated folder with terms of accounts, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

London Office: 99 Leman Street, E.1.

Sub-Offices: Kingsway and Westminster

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

The Chess Board

No. 483. Our Prize-winners

This being the week when I have to publish the solutions of our four prize-winners, I find myself in a quandary. Obviously, it wouldn't do to print the main variations only; yet even double the space would be nowhere near enough to do full justice to our prize-winners. Hence I have decided to devote the entire column to the solutions and thereby to avail ourselves, to some extent, of the uncommonly comprehensive variations and sub-variations provided by the authors as well as by our none the less meticulous judges, André Chéron and Harold Lommer.

(I) A. G. KOPNIN: *Main variation:* (1) R-Kt4 ch, K-R4; (2) R-KB4 (threat R-B5 ch), B-K3; (3) R-B6 (thr. R-Kt6), B-Q2! (B-B1?); (4) R-Q6, B-K3!; (5) R-B6! (thr. R-B5 ch), K-R5! (K-Kt4?); (6) Kt-Q4, B-B2!; (7) R-KB6, B-K1! (8) R-B8! B-Q2!; (9) R-Q8! (R-QKt8?), B-K3!; (10) R-QKt8! (thr. Kt-B6 and mate), B-Q2; (11) R-Kt7, B-B1!; (12) R-QB7, B-R3! (B-K3?); (13) R-B6!, B-Q6!; (14) R-B3!! (K-B3?), B-B8! (B-R3?); (15) R-B1, B-Q6; (16) K-B3! and wins the piece on account of the mating threat.

(1) R-Kt7? is refuted by . . . K-R4-R3; (1) R-KKt3? by . . . Kt-K3.

If (4) . . . B-Kt4; (5) Kt-R3! with thr. of R-Q5, but *not* (5) R-Q5 refuted by . . . Kt-K3.

(5) Kt-Q4? refuted by . . . B-B5!

If (6) . . . B-R6 (Q2); (7) R-B4 ch, K-R4; (8) R-B5 ch etc.; if (6) . . . B-Kt5 or . . . B-Kt1; (7) R-Kt6 etc.

(7) R-QB5? refuted by . . . Kt-K3. (7) K-B3? by . . . Kt-K5 ch; (7) R-QKt6? by . . . B-B5!; (8) Kt-B6, B-Kt4!

(8) R-B4? refuted by . . . Kt-R6!! and (8) R-B5 by . . . Kt-B2!!

If (11) . . . B-K1?; (12) R-K7!, B-B2; (13) K-B3, K-R4; (14) R-K5ch and wins a piece.

(12) . . . Kt-K3 is refuted by (13) R x B, Kt x Kt; (14) R-B4 ch; and . . .B-K3 fails against (13) R-B5 or R-KKt7.

(14) K-B3? fails against . . . B-B8, followed by . . . Kt-K5 ch.

(II) V. A. KOROLKOV: *Main variation:* (1) QRP = B!!, Kt-B5!; (2) P x Kt, P-Q6 (thr. . . .B-K7 mate); (3) P-K5, B x B; (4) BP = B!!, B-B6!; (5) B-Kt7, Kt-B3!; (6) B x Kt, B x B; (7) P = B!!, B-B6; (8) B-Q5, K-R7; (9) B x B and wins.

(1) BP = Q?? (KtP = Q??) loses after . . . Kt x KP and . . . P-Q6; (1) RP = Q? leads to stalemate after . . . Kt-B5; (2) P x Kt, P-Q6; (3) P-K5, Kt-B3; (4) Q x Kt, K-R7! (thr. mate again); (5) Q x B.

(1) . . . K-R7 fails against (2) KtP = Q! (thr. Q-KB8); (1) . . . Kt-B7 fails against (2) P-K5, B x B; (3) KtP = Q; (1) . . . Kt x QP fails against (2) KtP = Q.

If (3) . . . Kt-B3; (4) B x Kt, B x B; (5) BP = B!! (BP = Q??), B-B6; (6) B-Kt7, K-R7; (7) B x B and wins.

(4) KtP = Q?? would be defeated by . . .B-B6!; and (4) BP = Q? would again lead to stalemate after . . .B-B6; (5) Q-Kt7, Kt-B3!; (6) Q x Kt, K-R7! etc.

And again not (7) P = Q?? on account of stalemate after . . . B-B6; (8) Q-Q5, K-R7!; (9) Q x B; or better (9) Q x P, B-Kt7 ch!!; (10) B x B stalemate; or (10) K-K2??, P = Q mate.

(III) A. O. HERBSTMANN: *Main variation:* (1) R-R5ch! K-Kt2; (2) R-Kt1ch, R-KKt5!; (3) R x P!! (R x R ch??), Kt-B2 ch; (4) K-R5! (K-Kt6?), R-R5 ch; (5) K-Kt6, Kt-Q4 ch; (6) K-B6!! (K-Kt5?? or K-Kt7??), R-R3 ch; (7) K-Kt5! (K-Kt7?), Kt-B2 ch; (8) K-B5, R-R4 ch!; (9) K-Kt6!, P-Kt4 ch; (10) K-R7!, R x R; (11) R-Kt4 ch, *stalemate No. 1.*

(1) R x R?? fails against. . . R x R; (2) K-B5, R-R5!; and (1) R-Q8 ch?? against . . . R x R; (2) K x R, K-Kt2; (3) R-KR1, R-KR1.

(4) K-Kt6? defeated by . . . Kt-Q4 ch; (5) K-Kt5, R-Kt5 ch etc.

If (4) . . .R-B4 ch; (5) K-Kt6, R-Kt4 ch; (6) K-R7!!, R x R; (7) R-Kt4 ch! R x R, *stalemate No. 1!*

If (5) . . .R-R3 ch; (6) K-B5!!, R x R; (7) R-Kt4 ch!, R x R, *stalemate No. 2!*

If (7) . . . R-Kt3 ch; (8) K-R5!!, R x R; (9) R-Kt4 ch!, R x R, *stalemate No. 3!*

Obviously (8) . . . R x R leads to *stalemate No. 2!*

And now, if (10) . . . R-R4 ch, (11) K-Kt6!, R-R3 ch; (12) K-B5!! we also get *stalemate No. 2!*

(IV) V. A. KOROLKOV and L. A. MITROFANOV: *Main variation:* (1) Kt-B7 ch!, K-R4! (K-Kt3?); (2) P = Q!, B x Q. (3) Kt x B!, R-K2! (P x R?); (4) Kt-B6! (P-Kt7?), R-KB4! (PxR?); (5) P-Kt7!, R x P; (6) Kt-K8!, R-K2 (best); (7) Kt-Q6, R-Q4 (best) (8) Kt-B4 ch; K-Kt4!; (9) Kt-Q2! (Kt-Kt2?), P x R (best); (10) P-B4 ch, K-Kt3; (11) P x R, R-K8; (12) Kt-B3 and draws. . .

(1) R-K2?? fails against . . . R x KP!; (2) Kt-B7 ch, K-R4; (3) R x R, R-Q7 ch.

After (9) Kt-Kt2?? Black wins by . . . P x R; (10) P-B4 ch, K-R3; (11) P x R, R-K8! (12) K x P, R-K7 ch and . . . R x Kt.

If (10) . . . K-B4; (11) P x R, R-K7; (12) Kt-B3, K x P; (13) Kt-R4, K-K5; (14) K-Kt1, R-R7; (15) P-R4, K-K6; (16) P-R5, R x P; (16) K x P.

This week's competition has to resort to space-saving Forsyth: **A**: (4 points) *Seidmann*, 1936. Game-position. White forces win. /3qkr1R/r2kt1p2/p1b1p1p1/1p2P1P1/3p1Q2/2KtB4/PPP2PP1/2K4R/. And now, to give due honour to our Jury, **B** (6 ladder-points) is a win for White, one of *Harold Lommer's* neatest multi-promotion pieces (1933). /8/3PP1P1/2b3P1/16/5kPp/5p1p/5BbK/. **C** (7 points) is a win too, a very witty study by *André Chéron* (1957) and remarkable for a most sacrificially minded Bishop. /7q/1pB5/1p4Kt1/1P1k1p2/1P6/1P3K2/2P1p1P1/8/. Usual prizes. Entries by 23 February.

REPORT on No. 480. Set 24 January.

Facing what were probably our toughest ever nuts (and four of them too), most competitors couldn't even try to crack more than one or two of them. Complete and thoroughly analysed solutions came from D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman and A. J. Roycroft. They share, most deservedly, the prize-fund, inflated this week by a guinea of my own. Two claims of cooks are passed on to Chéron and Lommer for scrutiny.

ASSIAC

COMPANY MEETING

STEWARTS and LLOYDS, LIMITED

NATIONALISATION: *The beginning of the End of Free Enterprise*

STEEL INDUSTRY'S ACHIEVEMENTS: *No case for State-Ownership*

Bald Facts Refute Arguments in Favour

NATIONALISATION: *"No warm coat to protect worker against Economic Chill Winds"*

MR. A. G. STEWART *on "Willing Servants of the State"*

The 69th Annual General Meeting of Stewarts and Lloyds, Limited was held on Tuesday, 10 February 1959 in the Merchants' Hall, 30 George Square, Glasgow.

The Chairman, Mr. A. G. Stewart, presided and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, it gives me much pleasure to address this, the 69th Annual General Meeting of the Company. As in the past, I assume you will take the Notice of the Meeting as read, and I will, therefore, ask the Secretary to read the Auditors' Report."

After the Auditors' Report had been read the Chairman continued:

"A copy of the Directors' Report was contained in the copy of the Accounts circulated to each shareholder on 15 January. My Statement was also included with the Accounts. I assume you will take all these as read.

Current Year's Trading

The Statement with the Accounts nowadays virtually takes the place of a Speech. You will, however, expect me to give you some information as to how the trading and earnings position has developed since that Statement was prepared in December last.

So far as the trading position is concerned, despatches of steel tubes and pipes, to other than the Oil Industry, in the first quarter of the current Financial Year were slightly higher than those for the corresponding quarter of the previous Financial Year, but despatches to the Oil Industry showed a substantial decline of rather over 50%.

Despatches of Stanton products were also somewhat lower than in the first quarter of the Financial Year 1958.

Unfortunately, demand from the Oil Industry still shows no immediate indications of revival from the present very low level and it would be wise, therefore, to anticipate that overall earnings during this year will be below those of 1958.

I would like, however, to repeat what I said in my Statement which was circulated to shareholders, that in the long run your Directors are satisfied that the capacity which we have created and are still in the process of creating, will be fully required.

I am now going to propose the resolution to adopt the Report and Accounts. If you have any questions arising out of the Accounts, would you ask these immediately after the resolution has been proposed and seconded. I mentioned in my Statement that I proposed to deal with the subject of nationalisation fully in my address at the Annual General Meeting. This I shall do at the end of the ordinary business of this Meeting. I suggest, therefore, that any questions you have on this subject might well be raised at that stage in the proceedings."

The Report and Accounts having been adopted, the dividend and the usual resolutions approved, the Chairman continued:

Nationalisation

"I now turn to the subject of nationalisation.

Last year you gave us a go-ahead signal to fight the threat of nationalisation. The resolution confirming the power of the Board to take such steps as they considered necessary, and approving the Board's actions in so doing, was carried by an overwhelming majority.

You have seen, and heard, for yourselves evidence of our activities. We have advertised in the national and provincial press and shall continue to do so. We have published booklets and procured their wide distribution.

Our illustrated booklet, "20 Questioners", though intended primarily for circulation within the Company, has had a good reception and has provoked wide discussion and comment. It answers many of the questions which people have been asking about the nationalisation of steel.

We have shown the achievements of our Company under free enterprise, provided facts and general information about ourselves and our Industry, and have challenged the advocates of nationalisation to show that their system could have achieved more.

One reason given for nationalising the Industry is that it is inefficient: another is that it has not expanded quickly enough. The first has been contradicted by a prominent Socialist M.P. speaking in this City of Glasgow almost exactly a year ago. He said: 'No one is making a case for the public ownership (of steel) on the basis that it is an inefficient industry. We have never said that.'

The second argument is completely refuted by bald figures. Steel production has consistently exceeded the official targets set by Government or the Iron and Steel Board. Today, as everyone knows, there is spare capacity. The Industry has, in fact, increased its capacity by over two-thirds since the end of the war, and has planned to increase it further within the next five years by another 5 million tons per annum. This will mean an expansion since the end of the war of more than 100%.

Overwhelming Case Against State-Ownership

There has been no effective answer to our arguments, and no evidence whatever has been produced to show that the record would have been better if the Industry had been state-owned. Nor is that surprising: there is no case for state-ownership: there is an overwhelming case against it. This is becoming increasingly appreciated. During the past year there has been growing criticism not only of the steel nationalisation proposal but of the whole futile theory and sorry practice of state-ownership.

The belief has been held, in some quarters, that state-ownership is a safeguard against unemployment, but recent events have unfortunately shown that it provides no warm coat to protect the worker against economic chill winds.

It is absurd to suppose that the Industry itself can create the demand for its products. This can only come about when national and world economic conditions permit, stimulated so far as possible by Government action.

There are positive reasons why nationalisation is not only no benefit but is, in fact, dangerously harmful. It is already difficult to run efficiently large organisations of any kind. And steel firms are large: they have to be. If the Industry is nationalised, control will be in the hands of men who know nothing of steel making, marketing, or usage. Their duty will be to control. All major decisions and many smaller ones will be delayed.

Baneful Effects

The Industry is already supervised in the interests of the nation and the steel-users; detailed control by men without experience would be fatal. The result would be frustration and slackness all down the line. There would be disruption of relations between management and men, and a feeling of hopeless resignation among the staff. It is hardly possible to exaggerate these baneful effects. They are inevitable, not just vague possibilities.

We know, too, that many of our customers, both at home and abroad, are greatly perturbed at the prospect of state-ownership of steel. Many of them are asking themselves how they would like to deal with a state department, instead of with an individual firm or its representatives.

Customers over the years come to rely on the integrity of individual firms and the men in them, whom they have known over a long period. It is a cherished Company tradition, which state-ownership would inevitably swamp.

It must never be forgotten that industry depends as much on the faith of those who buy as on the skill of those who make, and that the prosperity of this country is dependent on its export trade. So far as our customers at home are concerned, sadly enough, they would have no option but to deal with a state-controlled steel industry. Overseas buyers, on the other hand, cannot be compelled to buy steel from Britain. They may prefer, when the time comes, to buy from a free enterprise industry elsewhere.

'Our Duty to Defend Ourselves'

We have emphasised from the beginning that we do not wish to take part in politics. The threat of nationalisation, however, is a matter of concern to the shareholders, to the Industry, to the nation and to our employees. So long as the threat hangs over us it is our duty to defend ourselves.

Our quarrel with the Labour Party is confined to this one issue. Many of us have said in the past few years that we hoped that wiser counsels might still prevail, but there is, unfortunately, little sign of a change of attitude on the part of the advocates of state-ownership.

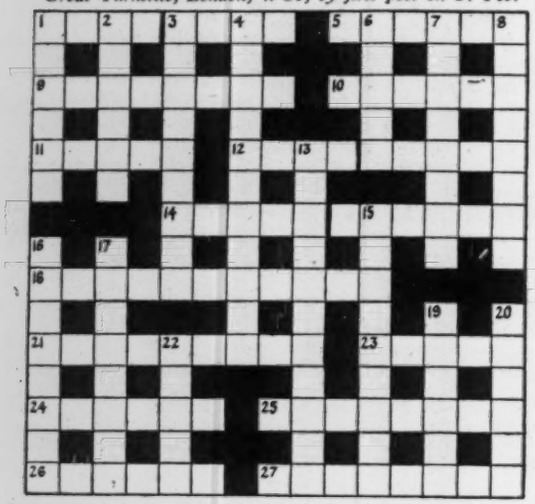
It is a matter for concern that apathy is being shown by some other industries in making their views known on the threats of further nationalisation of many sections of industry. The damage which would be suffered by these industries would be as grave as it would be to the Steel Industry. Those who hang back, thinking, perhaps, 'Let the other fellow carry on the struggle', are deluding themselves. If Steel goes under the grip of the State, I believe that it would be the beginning of the end of Free Enterprise in this Country. Many industries would find their supplies controlled and their destinies ruled by officials. Whether it be pots and pans, bicycles or bulldozers, it would soon be officials who would say who could make what and how many they might be permitted to produce. When you take account, too, of the proposals for 'backdoor nationalisation' by the acquisition of shares, it is not difficult to see how Free Enterprise, through which this country has grown to its present prosperity, would be stifled and suppressed.

Surely we must all do everything we can to seek to ensure that we do not all become slaves of the State, but that we remain willing servants of the State." (Applause)

The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the Board for their conduct of the Company's affairs during the past twelve months, and with a full endorsement by the shareholders present of the Board's actions in fighting the threat of nationalisation.

Week-end Crossword 342

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 342, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 24 Feb.



ACROSS

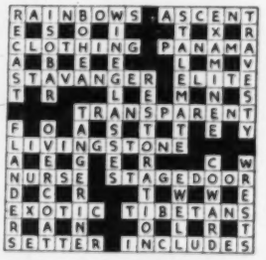
1. The sailor pursues Conrad's fellows for a navigational aid (4, 4).
5. Place in the Arab world where an animal pursues its prey in Latin (6).
9. Country conservative behind a newspaper in compensation (8).
10. An ear for a story on me (6).
11. Chinese sounding like one disinclined to recognise goodness (5).
12. Hedge smashed and hips broken: it's the breakneck pace (4, 5).
14. This territory has its own mark within call (5, 6).
18. If the revolutionary's clothes were removed, the confused type would be about to go wrong (11).
21. Bird which shows a sense of responsibility about most of the fruit (9).
23. Magistrate concerned with the first offender (5).
24. The aim is to go round the retreating object (6).
25. Philosopher in a haze about the examination (8).
26. In front of Hitler's men this instrument would be unnecessary (6).
27. Lily spoils lads with hope (8).

DOWN

1. The religious man made good in the old days (6).
2. Enticing most of the ear with Wagner's music (6).
3. American grouse (9).
4. The strange monarch is an archaism (11).
6. Employers who put an end to striped trousers (5).
7. The playwright has to study about a tree (8).
8. Stays due irregularly, but they recur regularly (8).
13. Groups of contemporaries provide food for transmitters of characteristics (11).
15. Giles has to go too far (9).
16. The guide is a pull on five's companion (8).
17. Sailors in the drink (8).
19. The time might be ripe before the party is up (6).
20. 'How happy is the blameless ———'s lot' (Pope) (6).
22. French politician who comes in to fill a valuable rôle (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 340



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 340

M. Corbet Stewart (W. Didsbury)
F. Arnheim (London NW3)
Mrs W. Herbison (Lesmahagow)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.

N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

NORTHERN POLYTECHNIC, HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N7.

The Governing Body invites applications for appointment as PRINCIPAL of the Northern Polytechnic. Candidates should possess high academic qualifications and appropriate educational and administrative experience. Salary scale – £2,467 10s. rising by annual increments of £105 to £2,782 10s. per annum, plus London Allowance. In determining the commencing salary, increments, subject to the maximum of the scale, might be given to a suitable candidate. Duties will commence on 1 January, 1960, or such date as may be agreed.

The Northern Polytechnic is a major Regional Technical College. To meet current needs and to provide for future development, a large site adjacent to the Polytechnic is now being acquired for a substantial extension.

Form of application, together with full particulars, will be forwarded on request, and should be returned to me, duly completed, not later than 31 March, 1959.

R. H. CURRELL, ACA, Clerk.

THE CORPORATION OF GLASGOW

APPOINTMENT OF WELFARE OFFICERS FOR SCHOOLS

Applications are invited from persons between 22 and 44 years of age, in possession of the Senior Leaving Certificate or equivalent and Social Science Diploma, or Certificate; experience in social case work an advantage.

Duties mainly concerned with pupils whose conduct and character have been presenting special difficulty, keeping in touch with them in their homes, and assisting them to make suitable use of leisure time.

Salary in accordance with age and service (Males – up to 28 years of age – £560 – £650 per annum. 29 years of age and over – £675 – £850 per annum: Females – up to 28 years of age – £549 – £650 per annum. 29 years of age and over – £664 – £860 per annum). Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from the Director of Education, 129 Bath Street, to be returned to him by 21 February 1959.

WILLIAM, KERR, Town Clerk.

City Chambers, Glasgow, C2.

WANTED in April, Matron for a group of boys 10-14 years. Post offers opportunities for those interested in the upbringing of intelligent, but emotionally disturbed boys deprived of normal home life. Salary £280 to £300 a year resident according to experience. Usual school holidays. Apply Caldecott Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ANGLO - CONTINENTAL SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

33 Wimborne Road Bournemouth

(Recognised as Efficient by the Ministry of Education)

HOLIDAY COURSE 1959

The above language centre for foreign students requires a number of additional part-time and full-time Teachers/Lecturers for various periods between 29 June and 12 September 1959. These applicants should be prepared to take up their duties on 29 June or 13 July, and all appointments will terminate on or shortly before 12 September. Applications are invited from specialists in direct method language teaching, linguists (German, French, Italian, Swedish), and lecturers in English Literature, literature of the United States, English History, commercial theory and practice, and English life and institutions. Experience of working with Continental students will be an advantage, but is not essential. Applicants should all show evidence of initiative, energy and enthusiasm. The positions are well remunerated and assistance is offered in finding accommodation in Bournemouth. Preference will be given to male applicants.

Please write, giving full details, together with recent photograph and stating the more suitable starting date, to Richard S. Davis, above. All applications will be answered early in March and interviews will be arranged in Bournemouth or other convenient centres.

PORTMAN CLINIC

8 Bourdon Street, Davies Street, W1

Deputy ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICERS required to assist General Secretary of Portman Clinic and Institute for Study and Treatment of Delinquency. The Clinic is a National Health Service Out-Patient Psychiatric Unit. Competent Shorthand/Typist required with administration experience.

Higher Clerical grade – £528 – £735 p.a. plus London Weighting. Applications, giving details of age, experience and qualifications with names and addresses of two referees, to the Secretary, Paddington Group Hospital Management Committee, Harrow Road, W9, by 23 February 1959.

THE Working Men's College needs male teachers to prepare adult men students for GCE (O level) in French, Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics, History. Two classes per week in evenings. The College has many clubs and societies. Write for particulars (rates of pay, etc.), and application forms to College Secretary, Crowndale Road, NW1.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Psychotherapist (Part-time) at Hounslow Child Guidance Centre for 2 sessions p. wk. Hons. degree in Psychology with recognised training &/or equiv. exper. in Child Psychotherapy. Salary £2 10s. p. 3-hr session. Application forms from Chief Education Officer (Ref. G.P.), 10 Gt George St, SW1, returnable by 7 March (Quote Z.143 NS & N).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CHILD CARE OFFICER TRAINING

Trained CHILD CARE OFFICERS are urgently needed. One year courses are provided at Birmingham, Bristol, Liverpool and Southampton Universities and the London School of Economics. Men and women qualified in social science, teaching or health visiting and graduates in other subjects with relevant experience are invited to apply for information. Grants are available towards fees and maintenance. For courses starting October, 1959, candidates should apply before 1 March. Information from Central Training Council in Child Care, Room 518 (46), Horseferry House, Thorney St, London, SW1.

MARKS AND SPENCER LIMITED

invite applications from women between the ages of 25 and 35 for Staff Management in their larger stores. These are senior posts with progressive salaries. Candidates should preferably have had experience in managing staff. Commencing salary for the introductory period would vary according to age and experience but would not be less than £500 p.a. Please write in the first place for further particulars and application form to the Appointments Section, Room 522, 47 Baker St, London, W1, marking the envelope 'S.M.'

BBC requires Economics Correspondent, News Division who will be the Corporation's economic and financial specialist and will be required to gather and prepare news of economic and financial interest in a form suitable for use in news bulletins and to broadcast his own brief reports and talks and to conduct interviews in newsreels and other topical programmes in Sound and Television. He will work to Head of News Talks, and as necessary in co-operation with producers in the current affairs field. Candidates should combine specialist qualifications in the financial or economic field with first-rate journalistic ability and experience. News sense and a flair for brief and simple exposition are essential. Candidates who reach the final short-list will undergo screen and microphone tests. Salary £1,725 rising by seven annual increments to £2,345 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.999, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

DARTINGTON Music School. The Governors are appointing a senior member of staff to take charge of the training provided for intending teachers of music. The holder of the post will also be responsible for General Musicianship classes and for organising ensemble playing and singing groups in conjunction with them. Special consideration will be given to applications from younger men or women of vision and imagination who have had practical experience in schools or training colleges. Salary according to experience and qualifics. Details from Warden, Dartington Hall Arts Centre, Totnes, Devon.

SECRETARY required for psychological research unit. Good shorthand and typing speeds essential. Salary £450-£500 according to experience and qualifications. Possible increased responsibility later for right person. Applications, giving full particulars and names of two referees, to Box 6120.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Television Producers (two vacancies) in Wales, to devise, prepare and produce television broadcasts of all kinds intended primarily for the audience in Wales. The post calls for imaginative treatment of ideas in visual terms, practical ability to implement them efficiently and at speed, use and co-ordination of wide variety of programme material, and ability to acquire knowledge of techniques of television production as a whole. Thorough knowledge of Wales and wide range of interests essential. For one post knowledge of Welsh language is essential: for the other, it would be an added qualification. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,930 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.992 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Overseas Producer in Manchester. The duties, which relate primarily to North of England contributions to the Overseas and European Services of the BBC, involve co-ordination and organisation of these contributions, and preparation and production of programmes mainly in the field of the Spoken Word – talks, news and features. The Overseas Producer will bear full responsibility for the production of some of these programmes and will co-operate with specialist producers on others, for domestic as well as for External Services. An informed interest in Commonwealth and world affairs is expected. Good knowledge of the North of England will be advantageous. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.994 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires European Talks Organiser, European Talks and English Service, External Services. European Talks and English Service is responsible for providing daily talks and commentaries in English for translation and broadcasting in all European language services and for organising daily broadcasts in English for English-speaking listeners abroad. Successful candidate will be expected to be one of the principle providers of political commentaries for the European Service, also to organise other talks and commentaries and generally assist the Head of Service in running the Department. In the absence of Head of Service he will be expected to deputise for him as Head of European Talks and to act in a supervisory capacity to English Service Organiser. Qualifications include: journalistic and broadcasting experience; wide knowledge of current affairs; political judgment; informed understanding of European audiences, and, especially, an ability to write. Duties include: writing talks and commentaries especially on political subjects; planning and commissioning talks, briefing writers and editing contributions for broadcasting; controlling staff; dealing with outside contributors. Salary £1,725 rising by seven annual increments to £2,345 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1000, N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

A NEW position of resident Welfare Officer (Female) during the Holiday Season, is being created at The Dolly Ross Holiday Home, Bournemouth. For full particulars apply to the Secretary, Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, London, W2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Talks Assistant, European Talks and English Service, External Services. European Talks and English Service is responsible for providing daily talks and commentaries in English for translation and broadcasting in all European language services and for organising daily broadcasts in English for English-speaking listeners abroad. Successful candidate will be expected to specialise in writing talks and commentaries for broadcasting in English or in translation to European audiences. Qualifications include: journalistic and broadcasting experience; wide knowledge of current affairs; political judgment. First-hand knowledge of some continental countries would be valuable. Duties include: writing talks and commentaries on political and general subjects; assisting in planning and commissioning of talks from outside writers and editing contributions for broadcasting. Salary £1,255 p.a. (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,735 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1001 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor in the Department of Extra-Mural Education; the person appointed will have teaching and organising duties in the South-West of Scotland. Salary scale £900-£1,650; initial salary according to experience and qualifications; FSSU and family allowance benefits. Particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of the University Court, The University, Glasgow, W2, to whom applications should be returned by 9 March; it is hoped that the successful candidate will be able to take up appointment not later than 1 Aug. 1959.

MICROBIOLOGIST: Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Pensionable post as Principal Scientific Officer at Water Pollution Research Laboratory, Stevenage, Herts., for man or woman at least 31 on 1.1.59 for research on microbiological problems arising from work on pollution of rivers and treatment of sewage and industrial wastes. Qualification normally 1st or 2nd Class honours degree, (a) either in Bacteriology or Microbiology, or (b) including Chemistry and Biology, followed by post-graduate Diploma in Bacteriology. Salary scale (men) £1,370–£1,950. Starting pay may be above minimum. Promotion prospects. Local house or flat can usually be rented. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting S4921/59. Closing date 3 March 1959.

ASSISTANT Agricultural Economist: Department of Agriculture for Scotland. Pensionable post in Edinburgh for man or woman aged at least 21 and under 28 on 1.1.59 (with extension for regular Forces Service and Overseas Civil Service), with 1st or 2nd Class honours degree in agriculture, economics or related subject, or other high academic qualifications in appropriate subjects. Duties include investigation of changes in economic conditions of agricultural industry and factors affecting agricultural output, analysis of farm accounting data and agricultural statistics. Men's salary scale: £635-£1,120. Starting salary above minimum in certain circumstances. Promotion prospects to £2,070 and higher. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 4940/59. Closing date 4 March 1959.

ROYAL Commission on Ancient and Historical Monuments (Scotland): Illustrator. Pensionable post in Edinburgh for man or woman aged at least 20 on 1.1.59 who has been engaged in full-time art work for at least 5 years (recognised art school training may count up to 4 years) including at least one year on practical illustrative work. Selection by interview in Edinburgh. Duties include making field surveys of ancient monuments, drawing and lettering plans and diagrams, taking part in excavation and making drawings of relics found. Starting salary (men) £535 (at 20)–£760 (28 or over). Scale maximum £875. Write Royal Commission on Ancient and Historical Monuments (Scotland), 7 Coates Gardens, Edinburgh 12, for application form. Closing date 2 March 1959.

STEVENAGE New Town. Housing Assistant required for normal housing management duties: door-to-door rent collection and welfare, including information and advice to newcomers. The Housing Assistant is the link between the Corporation and its tenants. Salary Scale: £631/811 or £562/716 (Men and Women) or £552/679 (Men) p.a. £520/643 rising to £679 (Women) p.a. according to qualifications and experience. Housing available to rent in due course in an appropriate case. Applications giving age, details of qualifications and experience and naming two referees, should reach the Chief Administrative Officer, Stevenage Development Corporation, Nr Stevenage, Herts, by 20 Feb., 1959.

NATIONAL Women Citizens' Association reqs Secretary on part-time basis, exper. in women's organisational work advantage; apply in writing, 33 Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1. Closing date 19 Feb.

SMALL boarding school for maladjusted boys requires a resident cook-caterer, single, of either sex, who will take an interest in the general life of the school. There is a full-time assistant. Whitley scale, six weeks holiday per annum. Further particulars and application form from Box 6255.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL Health Service. Training Posts in Hospital Administration. The Minister of Health and the Secretary of State for Scotland invite applications for up to the sixteen training posts in hospital administration. Successful applicants will hold these posts for a maximum of three years, beginning in the autumn of 1959, and will be given practical experience of all branches of hospital administration, together with courses of instruction at the University of Manchester or at the Hospital Administrative Staff College of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London. A short list of applicants will be called for interview by a Selection Committee. Applicants should be not more than 30 years of age at 1 September 1959, but the Selection Committee has discretion to accept applicants up to 35 years. Subject to the discretion of the Selection Committee in exceptional cases, one of the following qualifications is required: If already employed in the hospital service, applicants should either: (i) have graduated (by September 1959) from a British university; or (ii) have obtained (by September 1959) a professional qualification acceptable to the Selection Committee. Applicants should have discharged their obligation for National Service. Applications will be considered from students who are due to take their final examinations in 1959. The salary during the training period begins at £575 (plus a small addition in the London area) with the increment of £30 in the second and third years. Applicants already in the hospital service will retain their present salary scale if higher than this. Training fees will be met. Further information and application forms can be obtained from University Appointments Boards or by writing to the Secretary, Ministry of Health, Savile Row, London, W1, or to the Secretary, Department of Health for Scotland, St Andrew's House, Edinburgh, 1. Applications should be completed and returned to the appropriate Ministry not later than Sat., 28 Feb. 1959.

APPLICATIONS are invited for an experimental appointment as Organiser in adult education, which will include some teaching. The appointment will be for at least three years and will be concerned with developing education in association with local Co-operative societies. The Organiser will be based on Birmingham until early in 1960, and then for two years in another area of experiment. Commencing salary will be within the range of £720 × £25 to £880, the point of entry being determined by qualifications and experience. Further details, with application forms—to be returned by Friday, 6 March—from the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union, Limited, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Slough Child Guidance Clinic. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of a second Psychiatric Social Worker to the Slough Child Guidance Team (Psychiatrist in charge—Dr Mildred Pott). Applicants should hold a Mental Health Certificate. The salary will be in accordance with the Whitley Council scale for Health Services (Great Britain) for Psychiatric Social Workers. The post is superannuable. A part-time worker would be considered. The Clinic is analytically orientated and organised for diagnosis and treatment. Plans for preventive work in the community are being developed. Further particulars and form of application obtainable from the Principal School Medical Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury, Bucks.

ST Hilda's East, Bethnal Green, London, E2. Applications are invited for the post of full-time Club Leader (man) for the above settlement. Well-established clubs, good premises. Assistant Club Leader (woman) also employed: opportunity to gain experience in other branches of social work; salary according to training and experience, including unfurnished flat. For further details apply to the Warden, 3 Old Nichol Street, London, E2.

WANTED in April or September qualified man or woman to teach Mathematics to middle forms. Interest in games or crafts an advantage. Alternatively chemistry with subsidiary mathematics might suit. Burnham Scale (London). Non-graduate applicants who have made chemistry a special study in Training College will be considered. Also wanted a part-time helper to work with Junior School children from end of February at 5s. an hour. Suit girl waiting to go to College. Apply in writing to the Headmaster, King Alfred School (co-ed.), North End Rd, NW11.

TEACHERS (part-time 6-9.30 p.m.) in French, German, Spanish, Italian required immediately. Must have, or not need, permit to work in Gt Britain. Language offered must be mother-tongue. Box 6136.

ST. JOHN'S and Manor House Hospital Management Committee, St John's Hospital, Stone, Nr Aylesbury, Bucks. Applications are invited for the post of Occupational Therapist in sole charge (Male) at this Mental Hospital; dual qualifications. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council recommendations. Applications, with names of two referees, should be forwarded to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Central Council for Health Education require responsible person 25 years or over, for the appointment of Committee Clerk. Applicants should be experienced in committee procedure, preparation of minutes and reports of a confidential nature; typing and shorthand speeds of 60 and 120 w.p.m. essential. Salary Grade £450/£490 per annum, plus London Weighting. Applications to Medical Director, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, WC1. Enquiries to Euston 3341 Ext. 10.

THE WTA have vacancy for married couple (no children) to manage one of their guest houses. Residential catering experience 80-100 persons essential. Ability and interest in walking and organising social recreation. Knowledge of Estate Management. Furnished accommodation and full board provided. Commencing salary £500 joint, rising to £750 maximum. Full particulars to WTA Holiday Establishments, WTA Ltd, Eccleston Court, Gillingham St, SW1.

CITIZENS Advice Bureaux: Staff required for Central London. Training given. Salary when trained £470 × £15 to £560. Candidates should have Social Science qualifications. Apply in writing:—C.A.B. Liaison Officer, Family Welfare Association, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

TRAINED assistant wanted for liberal Jewish Nursery. Stamford Hill Nursery Parents Assoc. 109-111 Stamford Hill, N16.

SOCIAL worker or teacher required as warden to develop the educational work and neighbourhood social services of a Community Centre with Church connections. Salary between £650 & £800 according to qualifications and experience. Apply to Chairman, St Mary's Community Centre, Bramall Lane, Sheffield, 2.

WANTED in September, Matron (preferably under forty years) for group of girls 12-16 years. Post offers opportunities to those wishing for experience in the problems of intelligent, but emotionally disturbed, deprived children. Salary £280-£300 a year, resident. School holidays. Apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

PART-time Youth Leaders required (preferably married couples) for one or two nights weekly in various parts of Greater London. Training arranged. Apply YWCA London Area Office, Central Buildings, Great Russell St, WC1.

PRIVATE American organisation in Germany requires expert in public opinion and audience research. Applicant must have at least a master's degree or its equivalent in sociology or social psychology and adequate knowledge of general statistics, sampling methods, research design and processing of questionnaires. Salary in $4,200 to $4,500 range plus housing, transportation, medical insurance and other benefits. Reply in confidence to Box 6171.

HOUSEFATHER required spastic residential centre for young adults, full social life, congenial surroundings. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd, Croydon.

EFFICIENT shorthand-typist, preferably familiar with examination procedure and committee organisation, required for Education Department of professional Institution. Wide variety of this Department's work includes also national administration of shoe industry's recruitment and training schemes. Apply in writing, giving details of age, qualifications, experience and salary required, to: The Secretary, British Boot and Shoe Institution, 5 Castilian Terrace, Northampton.

ORGANISING Secretary Interviewer reqd. Resp., effic. and expd. Languages an advantage. Gd salary. St Giles' School of Languages, 64 Oxford St, London, W1.

TYPIST Assistant in Research Department reqd in prominent Trade Union Office. Must have knowledge in current political affairs and of Trade Union Activities. Write, in confidence, giving experience in this field. Salary £12 per week progressive. Box 6258.

SECRETARY Shorthand-Typists! Responsible well-paid posts are obtainable through St Paul's Agency. No fees. Write to us for details of suitable vacancies. Temporary work also available! 35 Copthall Avenue, EC2. NAT. 9494.

EDUCATED women with good shorthand and typing for interesting temporary positions, some with exceptionally short hours. Salaries are excellent. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2: 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

SECRETARY, 22/28, for medical consultant, W1. Salary £10. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUNter 0676.

PART-time Secretary (mornings) with good speeds, willing to teach Shorthand and Typing, reqd by West End school. Box 5979.

HOUSEKEEPER, full- or part-time, required by educated yng man. Box 6163.

LADY/student required to cook for businessman three evenings per week, Monday/Wednesday. Area Knightsbridge. State experience and terms required. Box 6162.

ALL ladies know that the better-class and more interesting type of office jobs are always available at Acme Agency, 299 Oxford St, W1. (opp. John Lewis). HYD. 4000.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Editor. Male aged 30-35, wanted for established illustrated monthly magazine, to start end of June. Requirements are a thorough command of English and familiarity with at least one foreign language; experience in serious journalism or reputable publishing; a methodical mind; a moderate amount of initiative. Duties include sub-editing, caption-writing, general supervision of magazine through press, supervision of editorial staff and offices. Starting salary £1000 p.a. Apply Box 6268.

LCC. Required Assistant Home Help Organiser for duty in first instance in Wandsworth and Battersea. Energy and ability to manage staff essential. Previous experience in running domestic help or similar social service desirable. £560 × £35–£700. Pensionable with promotion prospects. Apply Divisional Medical Officer, Fairfield Street, SW18, by 20 Feb. (255.)

GRADUATE Researcher reqd for small project on elections 2-3 mnths. Box 6254.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPERIENCED Secretary with organising ability, used to write own letters (no shorthand) seeks interesting post, pref. in field of social or political work. Box 6116.

RECENTLY retired prof. social worker sks part-time job—any suggestions? Box 6237.

PAID non-residential employment wanted for six months by social worker. North London preferred. Box 6123.

WANTED by educated woman with excellent references, a post as housekeeper. Free from 1 May or 1 June. Box 6043.

BABY-sitter requires jobs in Hampstead or Swiss Cottage area. Box 6098.

UNLEARNED but adapt. man 25, wants wk. Pref. Social Welfare or help with delinquents. Harrison, Shudy Camps, Cambridge.

SINGLE man (39) keenly interested books, music, seeks congenial permanent post. Central, SE London. Box 6173.

TOO old at 30? Hope not! Admin. and org experience, fluent French, musical knowledge, male Inter. BSc seeks worthwhile employment. Present salary £950. Box 6045.

WRITER 24, unpublished, Cambridge (no degree); anything, anywhere, return acc., food, pkt-money, spare time. Box 6172.

RESPONS. lady sks post Richmond/Putney. Compan. invalid, shop. POP. 9852.

MABEL Eyles & Ptners. Sh./typing, translating, duplicating, printing. MOU. 1701.

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Hallsworth Research Fellowships. Applications are invited for the above Research Fellowships for advanced work in the field of Political Economy and Political Science. The value of the Fellowships will normally be within the range of £900-£1,800 per annum, according to experience and qualifications. Regulations governing the award of the Fellowships may be obtained from the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, to whom applications should be sent not later than 15 March, 1959.

THE French Government is offering a limited number of scholarships to British students for research work in France, during the next academic year. The scholarships are primarily reserved for graduates or undergraduates in their final year, reading French or any other subject (Arts or Science) and also for fine art and music students. For further information apply to: M. Denis Girard, Cultural Attaché, French Embassy, 22 Wilton Crescent, London, SW1, before 1 March.

FIRCROFT. Residential College for Working Men. Scholarships and bursaries are available for a one-year course of study in Economics, Politics, History, International Relations, Social Studies, English Language and Literature, etc., for the session beginning September 1959. Details, copies of the prospectus and application forms from the Secretary, Fircroft College, Birmingham 29.

PROPERTIES TO LET

PEMBROKESHIRE, St Davids. Furnished cottage, modernised, elec. throughout, indoor sanitation, slp 4-5. May, June, 11-25 July. Harris, 124 Bury St, Ruislip, Middx.

MERIONETH. Mountain bungalow, sleep 4, 3 gns, wkly July, Aug., 6 gns. Miss Hartstone, 3 Enville Road, Bowdon, Cheshire.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Our delightful cottage to let. Sleeps 5, all electric, safe beach. 8-10 gns. p.w., available June/July only. 'Phone ISL. 1687.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

THE National Trust offer long full repairing Leases of four old and picturesque country cottages. All stone built and the majority thatched, in Rural West Wiltshire. Repair and modernisation needed. Main water and electricity available. Apply: Estate Office, Stourton, Warminster, Wiltshire.

WHITEWAY Colony, Glos. (8 miles Cheltenham & Gloucester). One of the few communities still enjoying autonomous government. Solid part-timber House—Spacious Lounge (23 feet), Three Bedrooms, Garage, Rural Surroundings; £1,250. Particulars: Virgin & Richards, Estate Agents, 3 Clarence Parade, Cheltenham.

PERSONAL

FRANCE. Unusual opportunity. 5 rooms furnished house to let. Real country. Central France. Dirt-cheap to anyone willing help digging and redecorating; room for caravans, tents, etc. Would suit writer, artists, unusual character with good knowledge of French; no children. Long let preferred from now; garden produce free. Payable England. Box 6020.

WANTED: Bicycle (pavement model) suit. boy 6. View London/South. Box 6230.

YNG man, wide ints, music-lover, sks anr for hol. abroad/on Broads. Box 6164.

LADY travelling with small daughter USA and Canada late May, would take charge child for single fare. Box 6097.

AMATEUR crew required for 50-ton Ketch. Leaving for Spain when crew are complete. Share expenses. Box 6154.

ROOM (board if wished) to reliable woman, occasional care 2 schoolgirls, and v. light help; or part-time mother's help £2. 'Phone CHI. 4479 or Box 6243.

TWO young impecunious schoolmasters would like to work passage during summer holidays, on some interesting holiday scheme. Box 6239.

WANTED: German Expressionist paintings at reasonable prices. Dr Greenspon, Morshead Hotel, Richmond. RIChmond 4676.

ANYONE interested helping run dairy/stock farm please write to Box 5912.

LONG estab. residential club London area needs additional capital for further expansion, high interest offered. Box 5997.

BIRMINGHAM bachelor, 50's, seeks companion (m.) Club Mediterranee holiday August. Box 5977.

ENGLISH-speaking girl required, help with child (5) in Paris. Au pair, ample free time. Ring PRImrose 4018.

LARGE, comfortable room with cooking facs. Share bath with one other. £1 p.w. in return 2/3 evenings baby-sitting from 5.45 p.m. PUTney 6615.

EXCHANGE for Oxford house, or rent, Continental waterside holiday accom., August. Box 6121.

FRENCH Riviera furnished cottage to let, Vence flower farm. Box 5975.

SCULPTOR-Potter seeks commissions; wood, metal, ceramics. Box 6032.

ACTIVE male seeks another to help run a Snack Bar in Cornwall. Sense of humour essential. Wootton, 20 Alexander Rd, SE26.

IMPECUNIOUS male offers driving, clerical or other services 27 March-5 April. Box 6181.

HOLIDAY in Amsterdam. 4 rm flat, 6 beds, offered in exch. similar home Surrey or Sussex, July or August. Apply 212.715 Bolrek, Koningsplein 1, Amsterdam.

AMATEUR Artist wanted, to draw simple sketches in book to be published. London. Box 6195.

HAYWARDS Heath (near) on bus route. Lady artist offers furn. accom. lady sim. interests – mod. exch. some cooking. Box 6259.

EXPERIENCED actors wanted for The Crucible. City group. PUT. 6538.

QUICK, efficient research or manuscript revision undertaken. History, literature, current affairs. Refs. Box 5910.

YOUNG Artist, Slade Diploma, seeks employment to enable her to continue painting. Interested murals. References supplied. Box 6197.

RUSSIAN lessons by a lady linguist, Cambridge degree. KENsington 9523.

WELL-known Language School, closed by war, reopening in European capital. Director seeks partners (m. or f.). Box 6049.

GCE Saturday morning classes, small groups, Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics. O or A. English Language O Level. Also one week's intensive revision course, Easter. All tuition provided by experienced University Honours Graduates. MEA. 1028 or Box 6192.

DAVIES Investments Limited, Bankers, still offer 7½% on sums £20 to £500 (withdrawal on demand) with extra ½% on each £500 unit – details from Investment Dept N, Davies Investments Ltd, Danes Inn House, 265 Strand, London, WC2.

HOMOSEXUALS are still frequently prosecuted for acts committed by consenting adults in private. This is likely to continue until the law is changed. Write to The Homosexual Law Reform Society, 32 Shaftesbury Ave, London, W1.

CONTINENT. Attractive posts for girls avail. Also. wanted, p.g. accommodation and exchanges seaside/country for students. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, London.

EN Famille Holidays in Austria, France, Germany, Italy, etc. . . . Why not let us make individual arranzements for you to enjoy the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family or join one of the special groups visiting our International Host-Family Centres? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illustrated brochure: EFA, 1 New Burlington Street, Regent Street, W1. (REG. 8866.)

PICASSO. Collector sks posters, scarves, lithos, sketches, etc. Box 5130.

PERSONAL—continued

ROSAS, N. Costa Brava. Charming s/c flat, sleep 5. 2 mins sea. Box 5919.

EYESIGHT Rehabilitation Clinic is now open at 4 Blandford St, London, W1. Every Wed., 1.30 p.m.-9 p.m. LAN. 3626.

COME Sailing with the South Eastern Sailing School, West Mersea, Essex. Cabin accommodation. Brochure from the secretary's winter residence: 'Stable Cottage', Park Lane, Castle Donington, Nr Derby.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent, also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

SYMPHONY in Slow Motion: 6-9 Mar. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'Planning Your Garden'. 13 Mar. 'Hat Fashioning'.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also small contribution for board & lodg. & 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

LITERARY Books for limited circulation produced at low cost by electric typing; various bindings. Sketches &c. economically inc. Assistance to authors. Broadacre Books (Bradford), Ltd, 100 Morley St, Bradford 7.

SPECIAL Offer Sets Chinese Prints: Four Seasons by Chi Pai-Shih 6s.; Birds & Flowers (set of four) 2s. 6d. From 9 February. Collet's Chinese Gallery, 52 Charing Cross Road, WC2.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

GERMANY. Exchange for teenagers with Bavarian families sponsored by Bavarian Ministry of Education. Escorted travel. For details apply: Junior Tourism, 47 Redington Road, London, NW3. Tel. HAM. 0869.

SAVILE-Row quality tailoring by monthly payments. Stanley Felce, 32 Maddox St, W1. MAYfair 7194.

PRINTING with Personality – at Country prices. The Priory Press, Malvern.

POTTERY for Beginners: 1- or 2-week courses in small unconventional pottery. 1 hr London, beginners only. Friendly, informal. 8 gns per week inclusive full board, tuition. 24 April onwards. Box 6087.

MOSAIC-Murals, Tables or Do-it-Yourself. Visit or write, The Mosaic Centre, 6 Portman Mews South, Portman St, W1.

KNOW-How brings you Writing Success. No Sales – No Fees. Gift Year's Subscription to Britain's foremost magazine for Writers, also Free Writing Ability Test. Send for free N.1 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. BA School of Successful Writing, Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are interdependent. You agree? Write Sec. (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

BY correspondence: a professional author will assist new writers with manuscript preparation. Box 6001.

PHOTOGRAPHY, publicity. J. R. Sandy, 6 Gerrard St, W1. GER. 0363.

INTERPRET for foreign holidays, 3 LP records & 2 books. Only £3 10s. post-free. French, Spanish, Italian & German. Free trial. No deposit. Visaphone Company (Dept NS). Box 6054

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN 1586.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogni. WEL. 6655 for details.

TV Urgently Needs Scripts! Our correspondence course can teach you to earn big money by writing TV scripts that sell. Individual and practical coaching by experts. Free Prospectus from Dept 104, Television Writing School, 7 Harley St, London, W1.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) – remains. Garlisol tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. today for 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice. – Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

SIMON Dewes, Author of best sellers, advises on your MSS: The Forge, Kettleburgh, Suffolk

PERSONAL—continued

PURBECK Pottery, Swanage. Spring Course 10 gns. inc. hotel, full board.

TUITION in stress-free movement; posture and relaxation. The 'Re-education Centre', 18 Lansdowne Rd, Holland Park, W11, under direction of Lois Caink & Donald Grant. Interview-demonstration without fee.

ROYAL Jelly, the fabulous Queen Bee Milk, will help you through these trying months. Packed as a Tonic Food in Clover Honey from our own hives, a 21-day course 42s from Nectarene Royal Jelly Products, The Honey Farm, Aberayron 4, Cards.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores, Ltd, 12 Marriotts Court, Manchester, 2, for our price list of our Surgical goods.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

JOSEPH Hewlett, psychologist, remedial reading coaching. SW3. Box 5900.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories Ltd, 315/46 Grays Inn Rd, London, WC1.

GERMAN lessons, language/literature, all levels. Native teachers. Social activities with German students. Ashley College, 'phone GER. 8782.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

HOUSE PARTY HOLIDAYS

Try something new this year and join one of our informal house parties for professional people and their families. We are holding two Easter house parties and three Summer house parties in Britain and our Continental centres include Viggbyholm, near Stockholm, Kitzbuehel (Austria), Lenk (Switzerland), Cattolica (Italian Adriatic). Costs from 8½ gns per week in Britain, 27½ gns. (15 days' holiday) abroad.

ERNA LOW TRAVEL SERVICE LTD

47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7.

KEN. 0911 & 8881.

A STRAW HUT

on the Shores of the

MEDITERRANEAN

An unforgettable holiday – swimming in warm blue waters, lazing on sun-drenched beaches, forgetting all your cares at the holiday villages of

THE CLUB MEDITERRANEE.

Write for a copy of the Club's journal to:

Travel Counsellors Ltd,
139 Kensington High Street
(entrance in Wrights Lane)
London, W8. Western 1517.

TWO weeks' holiday in

CZECHOSLOVAKIA tour by rail	43 gns.
HUNGARY Budapest	45 gns.
YUGOSLAVIA Dalmation Coast	36 gns.

Send for brochure to: –
CONTOURS, LTD
(Dept. C), 72 Newman St, London, W1.
Tel.: MUSeum 8499.

POLAND
A GREAT NEW HOLIDAY EXPERIENCE

An unspoilt land where the great lakes and forests keep their natural grandeur; where magnificent old cities still dream of their historic past. Poland is different! Fortnight's holiday from under 50 gns.

Other 15-day holidays include: —
Corsica (by air) from 47 gns.
Spain from £39 18s.
Italy from £31 5s. Austria from £27.
Ask for details of our Credit Plan.

Write for free illustrated brochure to'—
FREGATA TRAVEL, LTD (Dept D5),
122 Wardour Street, W1. Reg. 5101
or get one from your nearest Travel Agent

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

EXPLORE EUROPE
with ETA TOURS

The Educational Travel Association have once again planned a selection of over 200 independent and escorted holidays throughout Europe. Arrangements for 1959 include an Easter Tour to Vienna, low cost visits to the Italian Art Cities, and some exciting new centres in Bavaria, Switzerland, the Tyrol, the Dolomites and on the Italian Lakes. Our prices are as low as ever, from: —
£25 12s. for 15 Days.

Free 32-page brochure from
Dept NS, 3 Fleet Street, EC4.
FLE. 1483.

ENJOY WINTER SUNSHINE
in ISRAEL now!

Until 15 March we offer a complete fortnight's holiday by scheduled airlines for 129 gns. only. (Only 9s. more than air fare alone). You stay at the luxurious

Hotel TADMOR

at Herzlia Beach, near Tel-Aviv.
Easy terms available.

Send NOW for full details
CONTOURS LTD,
(Dept I) 72 Newman Street, London, W1.
TEL.: MUSeum 8499.

HORSE-DRAWN BARGE HOLIDAYS
(Non-U Boat)

'England's best organised pub-crawl'
All colours, creeds, races, welcome.

3d. Stamp:

HOSTELBOATS,
Hawthorn Rd, Stretford, Lancs.

IF you want a two-in-one holiday go by air with Wings to Weesen in Switzerland and Lech-am-Arlberg in Austria. The inclusive cost with a week spent at each centre and all travel including air to Stuttgart is 44 guineas. Or a week on Majorca followed by a week at Lloret on the Costa Brava is 46 guineas including air travel. Our 32-page programme contains many examples of holidays which cost little more than normal tourist return air fares alone.—Wings Limited, 48a Park Road, Baker Street, London, NW1. AMBassador 1001.

EASTER Parties by air to Rome or Majorca, 4 nights all in from 29 gns. Free summer brochure tells of air holidays Majorca, Costa Brava, Ibiza, Torremolinos, Tangier, Portugal, Italian Rivieras, etc. Winter Sports Switzerland/Austria. Bon Viveur Holidays, Knightsbridge Station Arcade West, London, SW3. KNI. 9788.

HOLIDAYS with a 'difference' are organised for a growing number of people who like unconventional and 'off-beat' holidays away from tourist centres. Our programme includes walking holidays in many parts of Europe, sailing off the Dalmatian Coast, sketching near Lugano, camping in Corsica, exploring Greece, Sicily, Macedonia, etc. A p.c will bring our programme. R.A. Services Ltd, 48a Park Rd, NW1. AMB. 1001.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

SPAIN for the individualist. Let the Spanish Holiday Agency, Blanes, Costa Brava, book your hotel from its 'recommended' list.

1959's most exciting holidays. Gay, different Italian Riviera fortnights from £29. Also enchanting peninsula house party & exclusive tours. Book early (s.a.e.) Miles, 17 Cromleigh Way, Southwick, Brighton.

'AWAY from the crowds' – try a gypsy holiday with a horse caravan, comfortably fitted for up to 4 persons. This and other interesting, inexpensive holidays – Holidays Services, 25 Wormwood Street, London, EC2. LON. 2947.

TROUVILLE for Easter: Anglo-French houseparty in Normandy manor, young people 15-25. £19 10s. inc., for further details send s.a.e. Daniels, 43 Walton St, SW3.

EASTER – Southern Spain and Orange Blossom – 3 weeks – Informal Coach Camping Tour. £25 return fare. Living costs in addn, but picnics and camping keep these down. Some may want hotels, but we shall camp wherever possible. Interested? Box 5768.

P.S. Harold Ingham has parties arranged to attend Music Festivals in Salzburg, Aix-en-Provence, Passau, Rome, Verona, Lucerne, Munich and Vienna. Programme, which includes also Language Courses and Art & Architecture Parties, from: Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

FOOD AND DRINK

HIGHWAYS Vegetarian Café, lower ground floor, 273-281 Roxburgh House, Regent St, near corner Margaret St & Regent St.

WINE and Cheese, that's the new and civilised party idea. Start things off right with superb El Cid Sherry. It's a fine light yet full-bodied Amontillado that appeals to everyone.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 240

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W1. PARk 8392.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

SELF-expression on the piano. Voice training. Musical knowledge unnecessary. David Hadda, LRAM. GLA. 8358.

INDIVIDUAL tuition in painting. Monday 9 a.m.-3 p.m., Friday 9 a.m.-4 p.m., Saturday 9 a.m.-9 p.m. Studio available, or visiting. Heinz Koppel, 28 Grt North Rd, N6. FITzroy 0877.

UNISCHOL Tutorial College – the Specialists in Maths & Science. Unequalled tuition at all levels up to Univ. Degree. Spacious well-eqppd laboratories. 2 mins Finsbury Pk Tube. 308 Seven Sisters Rd, N4.

FRENCH. Private lessons by French lady teacher, GCE, conversation, in Blackheath. GRE. 3477.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting – Five annual Entrance Scholarships available in May for men and women who wish to train as professional artists: all awards are tenable for four years. Write for details to the Secretary, Byam Shaw School, Campden St, London, W8, before the end of March.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

ROME, Easter School, 26 March-12 April. Roman Gaul, Florence, Etruria, Pompeii. £52 10s. Classics, Univ. Coll., N. Staffs.

INTERNATIONAL Easter Conference, Friendship House, Bückeburg, Germany, 26-30 Mar. Contact of Culture in Education. Prof. Baldoon Dhingra (India), Dr Peter Manniche (Denmark), Prof. Gustav Mensching (Germany) & others. Inclusive fee, two gns. Partics from W. R. Hughes, 35 Doulting, Shepton Mallet, Som.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon: send card for details of 'Easter Festival of the Arts' and list of summer courses.

SEVEN-day Courses in Dramatic Art under Professional Stage Staff. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Chanticleer Theatre, London. Starting April 5, July 5, July 26, Aug. 2, Aug. 9. Eve. Course, Aug. 17. £8 8s. and £5 5s. Syllabus from Director, Marian Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon Common, SW19.

SUMMER School of Music. (Dir. of Music: William Glock. Secretary: John Amis.) Dartington Hall, Devon, 1-29 August. Artists & Teachers include: Peter Pears, Julian Bream, George Malcolm, Colin Davis, Richter-Haaser, Vegh String Quartet, Vlach String Quartet, Pro Musica Antiqua, 'Luca Marenzio' Vocal Sextet. Prospectus ready 1 March (3d. stamp, please) from the Secretary, 16 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept. 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

FINCHLEY. Large furn. b/s room. Gas fire & ring, own meter. Use of k. & b. Business lady. £2 5s. p.w. 2 Cyprus Ave, N3.

KENSINGTON. Elegantly furn. sgle b/sit. in private hse. Refs. PARk 7296.

HAMPSTEAD. Large, elegant bed-sitting room in Ad. writer's flat, for discriminating woman (over 25). Share dining kitchen, bathrm, phone, etc. Use of garden. Box 6200.

ROOM & run of pleasant house; garden. W3. Piano, Workroom. 3 gns. Box 6204.

PLEAS. newly-dec. bed-sit., chg facs & sink, use bath, phone. Linen. 37s. 6d. Any nationality. E. Finchley. TUD. 8425.

ATTRACTIVE bed-sitting rooms. Hanover Gate, Regent's Park, AMB. 3320.

SWISS Cottage. Lge. B/S. for one. Kit., b., piano. Private hse. PRI. 5947 morns.

ATTRACTIVE bed-sit. room (to late March) St. John's Wood, ckg facilities, etc., exchange conscientious house-cleaning, plus £1 weekly rent. Box 6090.

COMF. room in flat SW1. Lady. Mon.-Sat.; all amenities. TAT. 9172.

LIGHT, comf. b/s room in bachelor's house. Newly dec. All conveniences incl. c.h.w. No snags – nr tube & buses. SW1. 3099.

2 Single rooms in graduate's flat. Mod. rent. PARk 2137, mornings only.

PUTNEY. Furnished rooms, tennis, gas fires, meters, kitchen. 6 Dryburgh Mansions, SW15.

FINCHLEY. Furn. flat, 2 rms, kit. £4 10s. PRI. 6365. Evgs. W/end from 10 a.m.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, music/lit. interests. 2 sgle rms, 50s., 60s. HAM. 8109.

HIGHGATE. B/sit. in c.-h. flat, in modern Court, fine view. 3 gns. MOU. 4695.

N6. Comf. furn. bed-sit. room. Gas fire, double ring 45s. MOU. 5605 after 6 p.m.

NW2. B/s. w. lounge if rqd. Sunny Crt flat nr Park. Mod. rent. GLA. 2624 evgs.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

SUNNY B/s. in lovely select gardened hse, all cons., excel. transp. Light brks. £2 5s. 8 The Highlands, EDGware 3978.

MAIDA Vale. Sgle rm (f) ckg, h. & c., use bath, tel. 55s. CUN. 6259 evgs.

SUNNY Kew. Large b/s., graduate's home. Cooker, own meter. £3. RIC. 3218.

THIRD girl wanted share flat N4. 25s a week. Box 6251.

ARCHITECT (m.) offers 3 rooms, use kit. & bath, reqs redecoration, unfurn., £3 p.w. Jerome, 41 Powis Square, W11.

NEWLY dec. b/s, 1st flr flat Belsize Pk Gdns, quiet pleas. surrndgs. PRI. 2354.

SEMI self-contained two-room furn. flat. Hot water. Suit one professional. Share phone, bath with another. SHE. 7655 evgs.

ATTRACTIVE lrge. flatlet, 1 min. Swiss Cottage. No restrictions. PRImrose 8102.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

HAMPSTEAD – Comfortable single/sharing accommodation with board. SWI. 3365.

S/C. well-furn. flat, 1 recep., 1 dble, 1 sgle bedr., bathrm, kit., tel. Nr Cheyne Walk. Hoad, 3 Albert Mans, SW11. BAT. 5451.

FLAT-Share Specialists – also furnished flats and rooms. Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W1. MUS. 0512.

MEWS flat nr Marble Arch. Sunny bed-sit. Suit business man or woman. PAD. 0504.

OFF Baker St – Bed-sitting room, c.h.w. in private flat. Use of k. & b. £3 10s. per wk incl. heating & lighting. Free for about 2 months, owner abroad. Box 6273.

PLEASANTLY furnished room with breakfast and all amenities. 3½ gns. VAN. 5478.

GRADUATE or student (m.) wanted to share flat, W1. Own b/sit. £3 5s. plus heating, etc. HUNter 1031 before 11 a.m.

THIRD girl wanted 25-30 to share W1 flat, from 1 March. Box 6277.

BACHELORS (2) offered at mod. rent self-contained furnished flat. Two rms, kitch. bath, tel. London, W5. Special. After 7 p.m. or weekend EAL. 3948. Box 6276.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

W. CORNWALL, Lamorna Cove. 2 caravans only, on beautiful secluded sites, fully equipped. Calor gas light, heat, ckg. Int. sprung mattresses. 2-berth 4-4½ gns. 4-berth 5-8. Gibbs, Lamorna, Penzance.

WOMAN, son 12, would share farmhouse home, isolated Herts, with person, son similar age. Within daily reach London. Car essential for station. Basis mutual convenience & share expenses. Box 6174.

CORNWALL, South Coast, chalet sleep 4, few yards from beach, sea view. Box 6179.

FURN. Hse. Aug. Nr sea/mts. Glorious dist. Fronddern, Llwyngwril, Merioneth.

HOLIDAY Flatlets in country house, overlooking N. Devon surfing beach. 8 gns a week. Duncan, Welcombe, Bideford.

DEVON. Lovely farm site, 4-berth caravan on fringe of moor, 12 miles Exeter, £4 per week. Mrs. S. Leather, Stacombe, Doccombe, Moretonhampstead.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

UNFURN. rm or cheap flat reqd central London. Baby sitting poss. Box 6027.

GIRL music student requires acc. in family. St. John's Wood district. Box 6044.

TWO medical graduates require flat or 2 b/s and kitchen, NW (conducive to study). Dundas-Harris. PRI. 0802 evenings.

YOUNG Writer (f.) reqs s/c furn. room, London, beg. April. Box 6185.

WOMAN teacher reqs small self-contained flat, Cent. or Sth London. Box 6189.

ARCHITECT & schoolmaster req. 2 rms & kit. Paddington or Kilburn distr. Up to £5 p.w. Slater, WEL. 0313 daytime.

COLOURED student shs serviced dble room/furn. flat, W. London. Box 6249.

TWO-year-old (doesn't draw on walls) seeks flat for young publisher father and attractive mother who, tired of nomadic existence, seem to have given up hope of ever finding one. Box 6261.

SMALL unfurn. s/c flat wanted anywhere in Central London. Box 6089.

ARCHITECT'S family want cottage £100 or under, preferably East Anglia, dilapidation tolerated. Box 6075.

FURN. cott. or hse S. Cst or Wales, any fortnt in Aug. 4 children. Box 5939.

NEAR Regent's Park, accommodation with family for Scotswoman, 25, secretary, music-loving. Box 5980.

SCHOOLS

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

SCHOOLS—continued

MERLAND House, 4½-14 yrs. Bexhill-on-Sea, Sx. Individual attention. Tel. 1613.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship – Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI. 3391). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & Sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

WHERE TO STAY

PORTHLEVEN. Tye Rock Hotel, adjoining beach, views Land's End-Lizard; quiet comfort. 'Home' cooking. AA & RAC recom. S.a.e. for brochure.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944, 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns., putting green, garages. Superlative food. Easter 9 gns. Summer 9-12½ gns.

DOONEEN Guest House, Letterfrack, Connemara, Ireland, offers homely first-class accommodation. Moderate terms, h. & c. and inner-sprung mattresses. Boating, fishing, motor trips. Fully licensed. Brochure available.

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation, beautiful country & coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce, 7 guineas; special terms for family party. Few vacs August. Tel. Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire.

DEVON. Pentagon Guest House, Stoke Fleming, Dartmouth. In delightful grounds, glorious scenery, near Blackpool Sands. Ideal for Spring hol. Good food, comfort, h. & c. all bedrms. Own produce, poultry. (No children under 5.) Stoke Fleming 231.

FURN. Flatlets in Country House 400 yds from sea in Cornwall. TV lounge. B. & B. and evening meals if required. 3 acres beautiful grounds. S.A.E.: Friary, Maker, Cawsand, (Nr Plymouth), Cornwall.

PONY Trekking in the beautiful hills of the Scottish borders. A superb holiday! Brochure with pleasure from Toftcombs Hotel, Biggar, Scotland.

FARM Holidays – 1959 Farm Holiday Guide describes Britain's best farm and country guest houses, county by county, illustrated. Price 3s. 6d. (postage 6d.). Farm Guide (NS), 18 High St, Paisley.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country, 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

KESWICK: Highfield Vegetarian Guest House – The Heads. Wonderful scenery, good food. Tel. 508. Write Anne Coupe.

COTSWOLDS. Simple country house in lovely valley. 7-8 gns. Easter 25s. daily. 'Steanbridge', Near Stroud, Glos.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geriomydd. Modern comfort, very good fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Benner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Historic house, woods, lakes, own farm, modern amenities, sea near. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

BREAKFAST in bed, a free service at Normanhurst now. Other free 'extras' include htd bedrm, coffees after main meals, early tea, fresh fruit dly, no gratuities. (Surcharge incl. in price.) 80% baked but few twin-bedded rms now from 4 gns. Annexe singles. Also bkng for Spring/Summer. Write for illus. brochure. Normanhurst, Seafront, St Leonards, Sussex. Shltrd, facing full Sth, premier postn. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

PENSION Colin, Kerrec'h-Ploubazlanec, Côtes du Nord. Comfortable rooms, fine position overlooking sea. Quiet & restful.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Pruvençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

PARIS Pension, 75 Rue Cardinal Lemoine Ve. Full pension 35s., half 28s. daily. Quiet, ideal for study; good cuisine, recomm.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

RYE, Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive a few guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

OBERHOFEN, Lake of Thun, Hotel Schlössli. Perfect situation on lakeside, adjoining landing-stage; superb views of Bernese Oberland; h. & c. in all bedrooms; first-class cuisine. Pension terms (incl.) 17-24 fr. per day; with bath 25-28 fr. Reduced rates for April, May, Sept. and October.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Road, WC2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

LOOKS like print! New style duplicating by Susan Tully, 63 Wigmore St, W1. HUN. 9893. And standard typewriting service.

FOR rapid and reliable duplicating & typing, reports, theses, references, plays, etc., Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria St, SW1. Rush jobs undertaken. ABB 3772.

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS., Plays, testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 239-241 Shaftesbury Ave (Oxford St end), WC2. COV. 1817.

RAPID postal service. All kinds. typewriting undertaken by exp.rienced secretary. Moderate charges. Box 6108

TYPIST will accept MSS, books, letters, theses. London. Box 6153.

EXPERT typing. Plays, novels, scripts with really good copies. Recommended by famous writers, but rates still reas. James, Vaynol, E. Preston, Sussex. RUStington 982.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

STELLA Fisher Secretariat, Ltd., 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

THE St Stephen's Secretariat undertakes all kinds of duplicating and typing. 3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. CHA. 8217 and VIC. 0031.

INTELLIGENT typing of plays, novels, theses, etc. Rapid and expert duplicating. Translations. Dictation by telephone. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

NATIONAL Book Sale. Hundreds of books at half price. 18-28 February. Collet's, 193 Haverstock Hill, NW3. If you can't call, send for lists.

FRENCH Book Sale. Thousands at greatly reduced prices. 18-28 Feb. List on request. Hachette, 127 Regent St, W1.

ZWEMMERS Book Sale begins next Wednesday – 50% and more off new books – 72 Charing Cross Rd – open till 7 p.m.

CONTENTS of February Plebs: 'We Began in the Silk Hat Days', by J. P. M. Millar; 'Fifty Years of Change', by Lord Attlee; 'The First Labour College', by W. W. Craik; 'The Ruskin Strike', by Stan Rees; 'The Plebs League', by Frank Horrabin; 'The NCLC – 1921 to 1959', by J. P. M. Millar; 'Spanning 35 Years', by Christine Millar; 'Fifty Years Ago', by Dr W. McLaine; 'This Wicked World', by J. P. M. Millar; 'Pars from the Press'; 'G. D. H. Cole'; 'New Books'; Plebs is 6d., by post 8d., or 7s. 6d. a year, from the NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

SONORAMA, le magazine sonore de l'actualité. No. 2 (17s. 6d. post 6d.) se trouve chez Hachette, 127 Regent Street, W1.

'TWO Cities' is a new idea; a bilingual literary quarterly from France. 90 pages, with well-known and unknown names from many countries. Publication March. Try it! Subscription, 30s yearly, to Edwin Mullins, Two Cities, 19B Stafford Terrace, London, W8. Pamphlet available.

'THE Suicide Club', Ivor Montagu writes on Russell's 'Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare' in February's Labour Monthly. Also R. P. Dutt on 'Election Prospects'; R. P. Arnot's 'A Memoir of G. D. H. Cole'. 1s. 8d. or 9s. half-yearly post free, Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

'13 Ways to Break the Smoking Habit,' by Kurt Salzer, costs only 3s. 6d. in bookshops, less than the price of 20 cigarettes. It may help you! By post 3s. 10d. Duckworth, 3 Henrietta St., London, WC2.

GOING abroad? A Blue Guide will save you its own cost and much more besides in the information it gives. For list of Blue Guides write Ernest Benn Ltd, 154 Fleet Street, London, EC4.

PRIZE Books. Prizeman wishes contact student(s) requiring substantial new medical/mathematical books at discount. Box 6031.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner (Books). Phone AMBassador 1564.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

16 Feb. at 7. Last perf. of Aida (in Italian)
17 & 20 Feb. at 7.30. Lucia di Lammermoor (in Italian)
21 Feb. at 7.30. Last perf. of Turandot.

THE ROYAL BALLET

18 Feb. at 7.30. Mam'zelle Angot, La Fête Etrange, Petrushka.
19 Feb. at 7.30. Coppelia.
21 Feb. at 2.0 Le Lac des Cygnes.

COV. 1066.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

TER. 1672

Evenings 7.30

17 Feb. Madame Butterfly
18 & 20 Feb. Russalka
19 Feb. Eugene Onegin
21 Feb. Marriage of Figaro.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu. Fr. 8. St., Sn., 5, 8. 'Traveller Without Luggage.' Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 3-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 10th Ed. 2nd wk. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' tckt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. S. 5 & 8.15. 'The Long & The Short & The Tall.' 'Should run for ever.' S. Graph.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973, Lst Perfs 5.0 & 8.0. 'Through Wooden Eyes.'

TOWER 7.30 13, 14, (Mems 15), 19, 20, 21 Feb.: 'The Relapse'. CAN. 5111 (6-9), CAN. 3475 (before 6), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY EUS. 5391. Puerto Franco, L. Peck's new play. Fri., Sat. Sun. 7.45 Mems.

CONCERTS

HANDEL'S Samson. Royal Festival Hall, Sat., 28 Feb., at 8. Adele Leigh, Norman Tattersall, John Mitchinson, Monica Sinclair, Jennifer Vyvyan, John Pease. London Choral Society. London Philharmonic Orchestra. John Tobin. Tickets: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s. (WAT. 3191.)

THOMAS Manshardt. The Times, 4 June, 1956, says, 'A series of satisfying performances that illuminated the music with a steady inner glow'. Beethoven Recital, Wigmore Hall, Thurs., 19 Feb., at 7.30. Sonatas: Op. 28 (Pastoral), Op. 53 (Waldstein), Op. 79 and Op. 109. Tickets: 10s., 7s., 4s. from Hall (Wel. 2141), and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd (Wel. 8418).

SAT., 21 Feb. at 7.30. Wigmore Hall. Lies Askonas presents Kim Borg. Only London appearance. Programme includes songs by Haydn, Schubert, Wolf, Ravel, Kilpinen and Mussorgsky, with Erik Werba, Pianoforte. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s. WEL. 2141 & Agents.

90TH Concert of French Music. A 60th-birthday Tribute to Francis Poulenc, Wigmore Hall, Fri. 6 March at 7.30. Artists inc. Irma Kolassi, Jacques Février, Alex Murray and Cambridge Univ. Madrigal Society (cond. Raymond Leppard). Tkts 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from Hall (WEL. 2141).

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns. & Wed. 18 Feb.). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U).

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Free Cinema. Until 15 Feb.: Programme 1. 'Momma Don't Allow' (U). 'Together' (U), 'A Short Vision' (X), etc. From 16 Feb.: Programme 2: Clair's 'Paris Qui Dort' (U), Lindsay Anderson's 'Every Day Except Christmas' (U), 'Nice Time' (U), McLaren, etc.

ROXY. BAY. 2345. W/c. 15 Feb. 'Private's Progress' with Richard Attenborough, Ian Carmichael, Terry Thomas, (U).

INDIA Film Society, 31a John Adam Street, WC2. TRA. 2110, presents: Satyajit Ray's 'Parash Pathar' (Philospher's Stone). Scala Theatre, W1. 2 March at 7.30 p.m.

ALL welcome to a Grand Social Evening. Fri. 20 Feb. 8-11.30 p.m. Dancing, Cabaret, Licensed Buffet. Adm. 2s. 6d. Railway Hotel, Putney High St. opp. Putney Stn SR. 14, 30, 37, 85, 93 buses pass door, Putney Nuclear Disarmament Campaign.

FABIAN Society, 75th Anniversary Reception and Dance, Caxton Hall, Westminster. Mon., 16 Feb., 7.30-midnight. Tickets 6s. (incl. refreshments) at door or from 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

CARIBBEAN Night next Sat. 21 Feb. at Chenil Galleries, King's Rd, Chelsea. Calypso Band. 7s. 6d. inc. refrs. Cen. Lond. Fabian Soc. Members & friends.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Today, Sat., 14 Feb., 8-11 p.m. Mems 3s. and their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

LOVIS Corinth: 1858-1925. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Closes tomorrow. Sat. 10-6, Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED'S new reproductions Sisley: The Bell Tower 60s. (tax 8s. 7d.) and Gerard David: Adoration of the Kings 66s. (tax 9s. 4d.) from good printshops or 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Paintings by Fontana, Crippa, Dova Clemente from the Damiano Collection. Closing 14 February at 1 p.m. Admission 1s. Members free. Library: Photographs by Charles Damiano. Closing 14 February at 1 p.m. 8 German Painters: Bruning, Gaul, Gotz, Hoehme, Dahmen, Schultze, Schumacher, Platschek. 19 February-14 March. Weekdays 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Library: Drawings by Gordon Fazakerley, 19 Feb.-14 Mar.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. XIX and XX Century French Paintings on View. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

SPRING is on the way. Thoughts turn to decoration and pictures. Hogarth Gallery 16a Hogarth Place, Earls Court, SW5. Close to Earls Court Station. Open all day Saturday. Tel. FRE. 3328.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. South African Painters in Europe – Andrzej Kuhn. 2-21 Feb. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

YOUR Children will want details of how to enter the 12th annual National Exhibition of Children's Art. For leaflet send a stamped addressed envelope to: National Exhibition of Children's Art (B), Sunday Pictorial, Fetter Lane, London, EC4. Closing date for entries 26 February.

POLITICAL Comment & Social Satire. The Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1. From 10 a.m.—midnight. Until 28 Feb.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: 'Pictures for Schools Exhibition,' organised by the Society for Education through Art. 1-21 Feb. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate E. Stn.

PETER Thompson: Recent ink paintings. 3-28 Feb. 10-6, Sats 10-1. St George's Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St, W1. REGent 3660.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Isabel Lambert—Recent Paintings. Opens Tuesday, 17 Feb., to March 13. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Exhibitions of Paintings by Elinor Bellingham-Smith and Michael Michaelides 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S Gallery, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Drawings Nigel Lambourne, Paintings Margaret Souttar. Until 27 Feb.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, W1 (GERrard 3529). Winter Miscellany.

RUSSIAN paintings from the 13th to the 20th century. An Arts Council Exhibition. Royal Academy. Till 1 March, Weekdays 10-7. Sunday 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. First London Exhibition of Stragiotti; French Impressionist Paintings; 'Gravures en Couleurs'. 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes 28 Feb.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2. Primitive Sculpture of West Africa and Photographs by Roger Mayne. Also Picture Lending Library. Yearly sub. 1 gn. and 7s. 6d. per month per painting.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Barnard & Portway from 10 Feb.

MARLBOROUGH 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Theodor Werner—Paintings: Woty—Tapestries. First Exhibition in England. Closes Feb. 14. Daily 10-5; Sats. 10-12.30.

EVIE Hone: Stained glass, paintings, drawings, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Closes tomorrow. Sat. 10-6, Sun. 15 Feb. 2-5. Admission 1s.

WADDINGTON Galleries, Hendi Hayden, recent paintings. 2 Cork Street, W1. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Architecture. Reyner Banham. Le Corbusier: Œuvres Suprêmées. Tuesday, 17 February, 8.15 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., 18 Feb., 'Industrial Conciliation and Consultation'; R. D. V. Roberts, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. 7.30 p.m. Vis. 2s. 6d.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun, 15 Feb., 8 p.m. 'Occult Tales'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL (WAT 3191)
Saturday 3.0 p.m. 21 February
OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE
EXPEDITION to
SOUTH AMERICA 1957-8
THE STORY OF
30,000 PIONEERING MILES
Lecture by STANLEY JEEVES.
Illus. by Colour Slides taken by Expedition's Photographer, JOHN MOORE.
Tickets: 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s.

Has your organisation elected a delegate yet to
BRITISH-ASIAN AND OVERSEAS SOCIALIST FELLOWSHIP
Annual Conference?
Church House, Westminster, SW1.
Saturday, 7 March, 1959.
10 a.m.–5 p.m.

Universities & Left Review Club
'GERMANY: DISARMAMENT & DISENGAGEMENT.' HUGH THOMAS.
The Marquee (next Academy Cinema)
Oxford St, W1. Mon. 16 Feb. 7.30. 2s. Mems 1s.
St Valentine's Party Fri. 13 Feb. 7.30.
'Prince of Wales', 150 Drury Lane, WC2.
3s. 6d. Mems. 2s. 6d.

LONDON Schools Left Club. Fri. 20 Feb., Peter Shore, 'Corporate Management', 5.45, 7 Carlisle St. Entr. 9d., mems. free. (Schools students only.)

ABU of the Observer speaks to the New Jewish Society. 36 Hallam St, W1, 8 p.m. Wednesday, 18 February.

CAUSES and Effects of Social Isolation: Progressive League Conference, 6-8 Mar., at Bracklesham Bay Hotel, nr Chichester. Chairman: K. Bowden; Dr R. Fletcher: The Individual, Community and Communications; Dr F. K. Taylor: Psychological Aspects; Dr G. M. Carstairs: Community Studies in the East and in the West; Dr G. Lee: Community and Social Isolation Among the Zulu; Miss D. McClellan: Practical Aspects of the Problem. Fee: £3 17s. 6d. Full partics from and bookings to: Mrs A. Fried, 15 Cavendish Road, London, NW6. (WIL. 1637.)

ENCORE invites you to 2 discussions: Sat. 21 Feb. Clive Goodwin on 'Long & Short & Tall'. Sun. 22 Feb. Howard Goorney on 'Fings aint wot they used t'be'. Both at 3 p.m. at Montague Hotel, WC1. Tkts (in adv. only) 3s. 6d. ea. from 25 Howland St, W1.

'EATING for Health', Morris Muirhead. Caxton Hall, Mon., 16 Feb., 7.30. 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Society.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 13 Feb., 8 p.m. Michael Kullmann: 'Revelation of Man in Pasternak's "Dr Zhivago"'. Fri. 20 Feb., 8 p.m. Sir Cecil Kisch: 'Blok and the Intelligentsia'.

CAXTON Hall. This month the lecturer at the usual third Thursday of the month meeting of the Druid Order will be Edwin C. Lawton. Subject: Druidical influences on British history—Cæsar to Elizabeth II.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society – Dr Joshua Bierer: The Value of the Day Hospital in Psychiatric Treatment. At 37 Broadhurst Gdns, Tues. 17 Feb., 7.15.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed., 18 Feb., 6.30 sharp: 'Japanese' Buddhism—II. The Kamakura Period', R. Crewdson. Also Study Classes: Theravada Tues. 17 Feb., 6.30 (M. O'C. Walshe), Mahayana Fri. 20 Feb., 6.30 (Dr P. S. Jaini). Send 3s for 'The Middle Way' for authoritative articles on all aspects of Buddhism. N.B.—Summer School, Hoddesdon, 28 Aug.-4 Sep. Information TAT. 1313.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda. Suns. 5 p.m.; Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs. 19 Feb., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'The Life of a Mystic'. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

CONWAY Discussion, South Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 17 Feb. Jean Graham Hall, LLM, 'The Law and the Illegitimate Child'.

SPLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1, Sun. 11 a.m. 15 Feb. Dr D. Stark Murray, 'Man-made Diseases'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert. 6.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

NATIONAL Film Theatre. WAT. 3232. Roy & John Boulting and Richard Attenborough. A lecture with extracts from 'Brighton Rock', 'The Guinea Pig' & 'Journey Together' at 3 p.m. on Sunday 15 February. Mems free, Associates 2s. 6d.

'THE Far East'—The Rev. Ronald Rees speaks at Discussion Meeting for Westminster Branch, UNA, at Nat. Liberal Club, Whitehall Place SW1, Tues. 17 Feb. 8 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 21 February at 6 p.m. French debate: Institut Français v. Linguists' Club.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 15 February, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. John Wren-Lewis: 'A Christian View of Moral Education'.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

MONTESSORI INTERNATIONAL COURSES
in Child Development & Education
LONDON. Evening, 13 April 1959-10 December 1959. Details from: The Organiser, Maria Montessori Training Organisation, 1 Park Crescent, London, W1. Tel. MUSeum 7425.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled 'Frühe deutsche Legendendichtung' will be delivered by Professor F. Ohly (Kiel) at 5.30 p.m. on 23, 26 February and 4 March at University of London, Senate House, WC1. The lectures will be delivered in German. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College London. Public Lectures on 'The Historian and the Archivist in England', on Mondays at 5 p.m. in the Gustave Tuck Theatre (Entrance Gower St, WC1). 23 Feb.—'Some Pioneers in Archive Research', Professor May McKisack. 2 Mar.—'The Public Records and the Historian', Dr. R. Allen Brown. 9 Mar.—'The Record Commissions, 1800-1837', Mr Peter Walne. Admission Free, Without Ticket. E. A. L. Gueterbock, Secretary.

'RACE Relations', Fabian Weekend School, Dorking, 20-22 Feb. Details from 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI. 3077.

GREECE/Crete, archaeological study tour, 1-17 May, £74 inc., apply Mrs. Birmingham, MA, 60 Cathcart Rd, SW10.

MISSENDEN Abbey Adult College, Gt Missenden, Bucks. Weekend Course: 6-8 Mar. Nationalism in the 20th Century. For further details apply to the Warden.

KEEP Fit Classes (modern) in delightful Hall near Baker Street. BAY. 3936.

UNIVERSITY Entrance and A level English tuition by Cambridge Graduate. Experienced teacher. Box 6074.

CULTURED accent taught quickly by TV & stage actress. Hear yourself progress in 3 hrs. Colville (TD., LCM.) FRE. 2572.

RUSSIAN, French, German, Spanish, Italian. Expert Tuition by native teachers, private lessons, small classes, conversation groups. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

ST PETER'S Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio and workshop. Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Accom. arranged. Apply Sec.

PAINTING as a Pastime. Mary Law, exhibitor at RA and Paris Salon. Small classes. Beginners welcome. Tel. WIL. 6025.

TOUCH-Typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLAxman 7967.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Crses. Frances King Secretarial School, 1A Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. in 1887, prepares students by post for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc (Econ), LLB), ACP and LCP Diplomas, Law. Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LECTURE COURSES—cont. on page 239

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

50s. by surface mail to any address in the world. (25s. for six months.)
By air mail to Europe 90s.; Middle East 98s.; N. & S. America, India & Pakistan 118s.; Australia, New Zealand, Japan, 140s.
By air express to W. Africa 90s.; E. Africa 95s.; S. Africa, India 98s.; Singapore & Malaya 105s.; Australia 130s.;
USA: $9 (surface), $19 (air)

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, SE1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d, foreign 2½d. Canada 1d